THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at *Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio*, by the Executive Committee of the WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY; and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is edited by BENJ. S. and J. ELIZABETH JONES; and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No union with Slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an abolitionist can occupy, and as the *best* means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet and is furnished to subscribers on the following

TERMS.

$1,00 per annum, if paid on, or before the receipt of the 1st No.

$1,25 if not paid in advance, but paid within 3 mos. of the time of subscribing; and

$1,50 if payment be delayed longer than 3 mos.

☞ No subscription received for less than six months, and all payments to be made within 6 mos. of the time of subscribing. Subscriptions for *less* than one year to be paid *invariably* in advance.

☞ We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

☞ Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All others to the Publishing Agent, JAMES BARNABY.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND AGENTS.

The publishers of the Bugle have been put to great inconvenience and considerable expense, in consequence of those with whom they have business transactions neglecting to bear in mind a few necessary rules and regulations which may be thus stated:

1. In sending the name of a new subscriber or a remittance for an old one, write it distinctly, and give not only the name of the Post Office, but the name of the *County* and *State* in which said office is located.

2. When the Post Office address of a paper is to be changed, be particular to give the name of the office *from* which it is to be changed, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

3. According to general usage, subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as willing to continue their subscriptions; and those who are in arrear cannot discontinue their paper, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, and if they neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, or move to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are responsible for payment.

4. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper (for which the individual has subscribed) from the office, and removing and leaving it uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of *intentional fraud*.

5. If you wish to discontinue a paper, *first pay all arrearages*, then request the publishers either personally, by letter from yourself, or through your Post Master to have it stopped.

From the Liberator.

The Right and the Expedient.

It has ever been the proud distinction of the Old School Abolitionists, that they have from the first, taken for their practical maxim—THE ABSOLUTE RIGHT IS THE HIGHEST EXPEDIENCY. In this sign have they gone forth, conquering and to conquer. The measure of their success has ever been in proportion to the fidelity with which they have acted up, in their doctrine and their life, to the highest idea of Anti-Slavery duty to which they had attained, at each successive point of their progress, without regard to the promptings of an apparent and superficial expediency. 'Gradual, not immediate, Emancipation,' cried Expediency, 'if you would obtain the ear of the people, and hope for their help.' 'Immediate Emancipation is the Right of the Slave and the Duty of the Master!' replied Anti-Slavery, 'and I will demand nothing less!' And though the land was full of violence, and the people gnashed upon this truth with their teeth, it finally prevailed, so as now to be almost universally admitted as an axiom in ethics. 'Conciliate the Church and the Clergy!' exclaimed Expediency, 'or your influence is gone forever!' 'Not if they stand hand and hand with Slavery!' answered Anti-Slavery, 'let them perish first!' And, though the Clergy and the Church, who had followed after Anti-Slavery, with scarcely an exception, turned and followed after it no more, still its influence even on the Clergy, the Church and Religious bodies, increased and multiplied an hundred fold.

And so as to Political Expediency. 'Vote, for this time only, for Harrison!' urged Expediency in the Hard Cider Campaign, 'vote for the candidate of the North!' 'I cannot trust the candidate of the North, whose course and whose pledges are satisfactory to the South,' returned Anti-Slavery. 'Support Clay, and keep out Texas!' shrieked Expediency in the campaign of 1844, 'anybody rather than Polk and Annexation!' 'Anybody rather than the fattener of sleek slaves, the impudent defender of Slavery on its merits, the compromiser away of the rights of the North!' responded Anti-Slavery. And Wisdom was justified of her children, in both cases. God said unto Harrison, almost at the very moment he and his partisans were saying unto their souls, 'eat and drink, for thou hast much goods laid up for many years,'—'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee!' And he died, and was buried, and John Tyler reigned in his stead! And when the question was raised of resistance to the annexation of Texas, after the accession of Polk, the chiefest supporters of Clay declared that 'it was too late!' and that 'resistance might be attended with bad results!' Who believes, now, that there was any sincerity in the pretended opposition of Clay and his most prominent partisans to the Annexation? Who would have laughed the credulity of the Abolitionists to scorn more loudly, or at least more heartily, than they, had they succeeded in cajoling them?

Up to about the time of the contest between Clay and Polk, the political action of abolitionists was governed chiefly by a regard to the relations of the candidates to slavery, and they opposed them on the ground of the special suit and service they had vowed to it, by their words or by their actions. But about that time they perceived that the relations of all holders of office to slavery were, of necessity, if maintained in good faith, those of support and comfort. They discerned that it was of small moment who administered the Constitution of the country, so long as that Constitution makes, in the words of John Quincy Adams, 'the preservation, propagation and perpetuation of slavery the vital and animating spirit of the National Government.' They saw that as Abolitionists they could not execute the pro-slavery commands of the Constitution, and as honest men they could not swear to perform them, with the deliberate purpose of breaking their oaths. And what they might not do themselves, they clearly could not appoint others, by their votes, to do for them. The only political action that lay open to them was to labor outside of the Constitution, and not within it, for its overthrow. To convince the people that their form of government was the greatest enemy of their safety, their prosperity and their honor; that all their material prosperity and local advantages were in spite, not because, of their confederate Union; and to persuade them openly and honestly to repudiate the compromise by which they had delivered themselves up, bound in political servitude, to the tender mercies of their natural enemies, and to erect a new government, free from the disturbing and disgraceful element of slavery, in which the experiment of self-government could be fairly tried.

Just at this point of time, and when affairs are in this posture, the Free Soil Party appears and claims the support of the Abolitionists, by virtue of its superior Anti-Slavery pretensions. Its pretensions are specious, and, in fact, include about all that a political party, intending to maintain good faith towards the Constitution, should offer. It proposes to forbid the extension of Slavery in the newly-stolen territories, to abolish it wherever the Constitution will permit, and to confine it to its present Constitutional and territorial limits. Time was when the Abolitionists would have been thankful for thus much, and when, for maintaining thus much, they were mobbed and hunted, whipped and shot, a price set upon their heads, their name cast out as evil, and they persecuted unto strange cities. But their long and hard experience has attained 'to something of prophetic strain,' and they now plainly perceive that what would have satisfied them in their days of ignorance, falls very far short of what the necessity of the case demands. They can take no part in a movement which contemplates the recognition of the legal relation of master and slave, anywhere within the Universe of God. They spurn and spit upon the doctrine that any compact can be binding which conditions for the return of a fugitive into the hell of Slavery, and for the forcible suppression of an attempt on the part of the slaves to vindicate their rights by 'an Appeal to arms and the God of Battles.' Their sense of personal honor forbids them to swear to support such a compact, either personally or by proxy, for the purpose of exerting political power, even for the slave, with the intention of performing it—much more with the intention of breaking it. They see in all candidates for the Presidency, to whatever party they may belong, on whatever platform they may stand, by whatever name they may be called, aspirants for the office of Protector of the Institutions of the South, of National Overseer of the American Slaves! These are among the duties which Martin Van Buren or Gerrit Smith must perform, if elected, as well as Zachary Taylor or Lewis Cass, or be foresworn.

The temptation *to vote* is the strongest that can be presented to the American mind.—The American clings to his ballot as the monarch to his sceptre. It is, consequently, the act of his life for the justification of which he is the most ingenious in finding excuses.—The Abolitionist does not cease to be an American when he becomes an Abolitionist. The habits of his past life, the prejudices of his education and the pressure of public sentiment from without, all conspire to make him bow down and worship the ballot-box, even though it stand for slavery, sustained by the whole force of the Nation. And yet what an employment for an Abolitionist!—Squabbling to make one man rather than another Head-turnkey of the National Bastile! We admit a difference in the character and position of the candidates. We will allow, if you please, that Taylor and Cass are as much below Van Buren as hell is lower than the earth. But then the Abolitionists are as much above him as the heavens are higher than the earth. If Slavery is to be maintained forever by the National strength within the boundaries of the present Union, which must be the contemplation of every honest Constitutional party, we see no reason why it should not spread over any extent of our territory. As to the strength it would add to the Slave Power, we should rejoice in it. If a strong nation is base and mean enough to consent to hold the chain of the Slave while his tyrant is robbing and torturing him, it can have no share in the degradation of its victim that it will not deserve. From this mean, base, cowardly position the North, as the stronger party, can recover whenever it chooses to arouse itself and shake into the air the cobweb ties by which it has bound itself to dishonor, cruelty and degradation.—To bring it to a just sense of its condition and its remedy, is the high mission of the Abolitionists.—Q.

From the North Star.

An Address to the Colored People of the United States.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:—Under a solemn sense of duty, inspired by our relation to you as fellow sufferers under the multiplied and grievous wrongs to which we as a people are universally subjected, we, a portion of your brethren, assembled in National Convention, at Cleveland, Ohio, take the liberty to address you on the subject of our mutual improvement and social elevation.

The condition of our variety of the human family, has long been cheerless, if not hopeless, in this country. The doctrine perseveringly proclaimed in high places in church and state, that it is impossible for colored men to rise from ignorance and debasement, to intelligence and respectability in this country, has made a deep impression upon the public mind generally, and is not without its effect upon us. Under this gloomy doctrine, many of us have sunk under the pall of despondency, and are making no effort to relieve ourselves, and have no heart to assist others. It is from this despondency that we would deliver you. It is from this slumber we would rouse you. The present, is a period of activity and hope. The heavens above us are bright, and much of the darkness that overshadowed us has passed away. We can deal in the language of brilliant encouragement, and speak of success with certainty. That our condition has been gradually improving, is evident to all, and that we shall yet stand on a common platform with our fellow countrymen, in respect to political and social rights, is certain.—The spirit of the age—the voice of inspiration—the deep longings of the human soul—the conflict of right and wrong—the upward tendency of the oppressed throughout the world, abound with evidence complete and ample, of the final triumph of right over wrong, of freedom over slavery, and equality over caste. To doubt this, is to forget the past, and blind our eyes to the present, as well as to deny and oppose the great law of progress, written out by the hand of God on the human soul.

Great changes for the better have taken place and are still taking place. The last ten years have witnessed a mighty change in the estimate in which we as a people are regarded, both in this and other lands.—England has given liberty to nearly one million, and France has emancipated three hundred thousand of our brethren. Even in our own country shakes with the agitation of our rights. Ten or twelve years ago, an educated colored man was regarded as a curiosity, and the thought of a colored man as an author, editor, lawyer, or doctor, had scarce been conceived. Such, thank Heaven, is no longer the case. There are now those among us, whom we are not ashamed to regard as gentlemen and scholars, and who are acknowledged to be such, by many of the most learned and respectable in our land. Mountains of prejudice have been removed, and truth and light are dispelling the error and darkness of ages. The time was, when we trembled in the presence of a white man, and dared not assert, or even ask for our rights, but would be guided, directed and governed, in any way we were demanded, without stopping to inquire whether we were right or wrong. We were not only slaves, but our ignorance made us willing slaves.—Many of us uttered complaints against the faithful Abolitionists, for the broad assertion of our rights; thought they went too far, and were only making our condition worse.—This sentiment has nearly ceased to reign in the dark abodes of our hearts; we begin to see our wrongs as clearly, and comprehend our rights as fully and well as our white countrymen. This is a sign of progress;—and evidence which cannot be gainsayed.—It would be easy to present in this connection, a glowing comparison of our past with our present condition, showing that while the former was dark and dreary, the present is full of light and hope. It would be easy to draw a picture of our present achievements, and erect upon it a glorious future.

But, fellow countrymen, it is not so much our purpose to cheer you by the progress we have already made, as it is to stimulate you to still higher attainments. We have done much, but there is much more to be done.—While we have undoubtedly great cause to thank God, and take courage for the hopeful changes which have taken place in our condition, we are not without cause to mourn over the sad condition which we yet occupy. We are yet the most oppressed people in the world. In the Southern States of this Union we are held as slaves. All over that wide region our paths are marked with blood.—Our backs are yet scarred by the lash, and our souls are yet dark under the pall of Slavery. Our sisters are sold for purposes of pollution, and our brethren are sold in the market with beasts of burden. Shut up in the prison-house of bondage—denied all rights, deprived of all privileges, we are blotted from the page of human existence, and placed beyond the limits of human regard. DEATH, moral DEATH, has palsied our souls in that quarter, and we are a murdered people.

In the Northern States, we are not slaves to individuals, not personal slaves, yet, in many respects, we are the slaves of the community. We are, however, far enough removed from the actual condition of the slave, to make us largely responsible for their continued enslavement, or their speedy deliverance from chains. For in the proportion in which we shall rise in the scale of human improvement, in that proportion do we augment the probabilities of a speedy emancipation of our enslaved fellow countrymen.—It is more than a mere figure of speech to say, that we are as a people chained together. We are one people—one in general complexion, one in a common degradation, one in popular estimation. As one rises, all must rise, and as one falls, all must fall. Having now our feet on the rock of freedom, we must drag our brethren from the slimy depths of Slavery, ignorance and ruin. Every one of us should be ashamed to consider himself free, while his brother is a slave. The wrongs of our brethren should be our constant theme. There should be no time too precious, no calling too holy, no place too sacred, to make room for this cause. We should not only feel it to be the cause of humanity, but the cause of Christianity, and fit for men and angels. We ask you to devote yourselves to this cause, as one of the most, and most successful means of self-improvement. In the careful study of it, you will learn your own rights, and comprehend your own responsibilities, and, seen through the vista of coming time, your high, and God-appointed destiny. Many of the brightest and best of our number, have become such by their devotion to this cause, and the society of white Abolitionists. The latter have been willing to make themselves of no reputation for our sake, and in return, let us show ourselves worthy of their zeal and devotion. Attend Anti-Slavery meetings, show that you are interested in the subject, that you hate slavery, and love those who are laboring for its overthrow. Act with white Abolition Societies wherever you can, and where you cannot, get up Societies among yourselves, but without exclusiveness. It will be a long time before we gain all our rights; and although it may seem to conflict with our views of human brotherhood, we shall undoubtedly for many years be compelled to have institutions of a complexional character, in order to attain this very idea of human brotherhood. We would, however, advise our brethren to occupy memberships and stations among white persons, and in white institutions, just so fast as our rights are secured to us.

Never refuse to act with a white society or institution because it is white, or a black one, because it is black. But act with all men, without distinction of color. By so acting, we shall find many opportunities for removing prejudices and establishing the rights of all men. We say avail yourselves of *white* institutions, not because they are white, but because they afford a more convenient means of improvement. But we pass from these suggestions, to others which may be deemed more important. In the Convention that now addresses you, there has been much said on the subject of labor, and especially those departments of it, with which we as a class have long been identified. You will see by the resolutions there adopted on that subject, that the Convention considers [illegible] themselves, as being nevertheless degrading to us as a class, and therefore, counsel you to abandon them as speedily as possible, and to seek what are called the more respectable employments. While the Convention do not inculcate the doctrine that any kind of needful toil is in itself dishonorable, or that colored persons are to be exempt from what are called menial employments, they do not mean to say that such employments have been so long and universally filled by colored men as to become a badge of degradation, in that it has established the conviction that colored men are only fit for such employments. We therefore advise you, by all means, to cease from such employments, as far as practicable, by pressing into others. Try to get your sons into mechanical trades; press them into the blacksmith's shop, the machine shop, the joiners's shop, the wheelwright's shop, the cooper's shop, and the tailor's shop.—Every blow of the sledge hammer, wielded by a sable arm, is a powerful blow in support of our cause. Every colored mechanic, is, by virtue of circumstances, an elevator of his race. Every house built by black men, is a strong tower against the allied hosts of prejudice. It is impossible for us to attach too much importance to this aspect of the subject. Trades are important. Wherever a man may be thrown by misfortune, if he has in his hands a useful trade, he is useful to his fellow man, and will be esteemed accordingly, and of all men in the world who need trades, we are the most needy.

Understand this, that independence is an essential condition of respectability. To be dependent, is to be degraded. "Men may indeed pity us, but they cannot respect us. We do not mean that we can become entirely independent of all men; that would be absurd and impossible, in the social state.—But we mean that we must become equally independent with other members of the community. That other members of the community shall be as dependent upon us, as we upon them. That such is not now the case, is too plain to need an argument.—The houses we live in are built by white men—the clothes we wear are made by white tailors—the hats on our heads are made by white hatters, and the shoes on our feet are made by white shoemakers, and the food that we eat, is raised and cultivated by white men. Now it is impossible that we should ever be respected as a people, while we are so universally and completely dependent upon white men for the necessaries of life. We must make white persons as dependent upon us, as we are upon them. This cannot be done while we are found only in two or three kinds of employments, and those employments have their foundations chiefly, if not entirely, in the pride and indolence of the white people. Sterner necessities will bring higher respect.

The fact is, we must not merely make the white man dependent upon us to shave him, but to feed him; not merely dependent upon us to black his boots, but to make them. A man is only in a small degree dependent on us, when he only needs his boots blacked, or his carpet bag carried; as a little less pride, and a little more industry on his part, may enable him to dispense with our services entirely. As wise men, it becomes us to look forward to a state of things which appears inevitable. The time will come, when those menial employments will afford less means of living than they now do.—What shall a large class of our fellow countrymen do, when white men find it economical to black their own boots, and shave themselves? What will they do, when white men learn to wait on themselves? We warn you brethren, to seek other and more enduring vocations.

Let us entreat you to turn your attention to agriculture. Go to farming. Be tillers of the soil. On this point we could say much, but the time and space will not permit. Our cities are overrun with menial laborers, while the country is eloquently pleading for the hand of industry to till her soil, and reap the reward of honest labor. We beg and entreat you, to save your money, live economically—dispense with finery, and the gaities which have rendered us proverbial, and save your money. Not for the senseless purpose of being better off than your neighbor, but that you may be able to educate your children, and render your share to the common stock of prosperity and happiness around you. It is plain that the equality which we aim to accomplish, can only be achieved by us, when we can do for others, just what others can do for us. We should, therefore, press into all the trades, professions, and callings, into which honorable white men press.

We would in this connection, direct your attention to the means by which we have been oppressed and degraded. Chief among these means, we may mention the press.—This engine has brought to the aid of prejudice a thousand stings. Wit, ridicule, false philosophy, and an impure theology, with a flood of low blackguardism, come through this channel into the public mind; constantly feeding and keeping alive against us, the bitterest hate. The pulpit, too has been arrayed against us. Men with sanctimonious face, have talked of our being descendants of Ham—that we are under a curse, and to try to improve our condition, is virtually to counteract the purposes of God!

It is easy to see that the means which have been used to destroy us, must be used to save us; the press must be used in our behalf—aye, we must use it ourselves; we must take and read newspapers; we must read books, improve our minds, and put to silence and to shame, our opposers.

Dear brethren, we have extended these remarks beyond the length which we had allotted to ourselves, and must now close, though we have but hinted at the subject.—Trusting that our words may fall like good seed upon good ground; and hoping that we may all be found in the path of improvement and progress.

We are your friends and servants,
(Signed by the Committee, in behalf of the Convention,
WM. DORSEY DOUGLASS,
HENRY BIBB,
W. L. DAY,
D. H. JENKINS,
A. H. FRANCIS.

From the Delaware Abolitionist.

GAUSE'S CORNER, 8th mo. 8, '48.

Respected Friends:

A few days ago I happened in company with a southern lady who had much to say against abolitionists for putting mischief in the slaves' heads. She said slavery was not half as bad as the abolitionists said it was; they believe every bad thing they hear about slaveholders; they ought to come down and see for themselves. I replied to her that I wanted no better proofs of the cruelties of slavery than such as I could see in Southern papers and gather from people whom I had seen from the South, herself among the number, as she had a few minutes before related to me a most heart-rending scene she had witnessed in ——, in Virginia. It appeared to surprise her to think she had been saying anything that an abolitionist should consider evidence against slavery. I told her I had no doubt of the truth of the story she related, and should tell my friends at home, but not half of them would believe me as they thought just as she did, that they must not believe these abolition stories. When I spoke of telling my friends, she thought I meant to publish it. "Oh my!" she said, "don't publish it. I would not have it published with my name for all the world."—The case she related was as follows: "Early one First day morning I was awakened by the most terrible crying and screaming I ever heard. I thought somebody was being murdered. I ran to the window and looked out and there I saw what made my heart ache; some men were taking a young girl down to the vessel to send her off South, never to return. She was crying 'Oh! my mother, my mother, my poor dear mother, I never shall see her again! Oh! my mother, my mother!' This appeared to be her greatest distress. To see the poor girl thus dragged off was more than I could bear; I had to go back into the house where I could not hear her cries." In the place where it happened she said the traders always took the slaves from the jail to the vessel on first day mornings, for fear the people would rescue them. The citizens were too religious to do anything on that day, so that the traders felt safe in their wicked and inhuman business. A Methodist preacher came there from New York who was a little tinctured with abolitionism, but he had to pack up and go off, although he was called there. They even searched strangers if they suspected them of being abolitionists. This lady was like Southerners generally; she knew all about the abolitionists, although she had never been among them, had never read any of their papers, and would not touch one of them. How she got her information I cannot tell, but it is a secret way pro-slavery people have of getting it, perhaps they obtain it by the underground rail-road. Abolitionists are not so much prejudiced against slaveholders as that; on the contrary, we like to see them among us, like to read their papers and go among them as much as they will allow us, and sometimes more; still with all this difference of the means of obtaining information they think they know all about us and that we know nothing about them. If they knew half as much about us as we do about them they would see that their true friends are the abolitionists. Abolitionists are not only endeavoring to free the black man from the curse of slavery, for it does not rest on him alone; their desire is to free all men of every country from the foul stain.

Slavery has ruined the fairest portion of our country, so much so, that in several places depopulation has taken place. Slavery drives free laborers away, makes the masters cruel and vindictive. Slavery puts a seal upon the intellect of the people that nothing but liberty can break, it suppresses the freedom of speech and of the press. We talk of the freedom of speech and the press but it is all a delusion. Slavery is the censor of the press. In half the Union a person would be thrown into prison for selling or circulating the papers published in the other half. Why are there 17,000 more scholars in the State of Ohio than in the fifteen slave states put together? Because they do not sell men, women and children at auction. Why does the North have to pay $700,000 annually for carrying southern mails? Because the South sells males and females. Why are there so many men ready with tar and feathers, rotten eggs, brick bats, halters, pistols, bowie knives and such like arguments, to put down abolitionists? Because they compose the standing army sworn to support the slaveholders. Why would the publishing of such an article as this or the selling of your paper be sufficient cause for imprisoning me, in half the Union? Because slave holders say they are incendiary. These and many other of the evils of slavery the abolitionists wish to remove by striking at the cause of them. The great bulwark of American slavery is the church. If she was christianised, slavery would soon disappear; but so long as she thinks God is a respecter of persons she will maintain her present false position. The church sells her christianity to the highest bidder, be he slave holder, rum seller, or gambler, makes it an article of traffic by selling her pews; thus the poor fishermen are passed by.

The following advertisement in the Baltimore Sun, of 7th mo., 26th, is enough to make Christ weep:

"FOR SALE—Two likely negro boys, one about 14, and the other about 16 years of age. They are sold for no faults, the owner having no use for them. Also a pew in St. Peter's church, Rev. Mr. Atkinson. Apply to S. H. Goll, 389, Baltimore street."

To complete this he should have said, "Lottery tickets, rum, and billiard tables taken in exchange."

There are 127,240 colored members belonging to the Southern Methodist Episcopal church, being about 98 per cent, of the whole church, yet the church makes them an article of merchandise and as above advertised, sells them for no fault. May the great God that rules and governs all things cause the sun of truth to shine upon mankind with such effulgence that human rights will be respected under all circumstances, is the sincere desire of

GEORGE P. DAVIS.

From the Rockingham (Va.) Register.

A Warning to Slaveholders!

MESSRS EDITORS:—A singular circumstance occurred in this neighborhood on the evening of the 3rd instant, which should keep slaveholders awake[illegible] The circumstance is as follows: On the above-named evening, it was discovered by the writer of this warning, that something of a suspicious character was going on in the neighborhood. This prompted me to make an investigation of the matter, and after securing a trusty associate to bear witness to the fray, I repaired to the place where I supposed the transaction was to take place. When I arrived at the place, I found several blacks and whites assembled together, and seemingly to be making every arrangement for an elopement. Excited by curiosity, and anxious to know the intention of my own slaves, who were with the clan, I determined to conceal myself and witness the whole transaction; but owing to some interested whites, whom I thought my friends, I was betrayed, and in a few moments all was calm and desolate. I found myself completely defeated, and very much to my sorrow. I lingered about the rallying ground a few minutes, and found that there were two men from Pennsylvania with a small wagon, to convey the slaves to a free State. One of the clan was a stranger, and said he resided in Pennsylvania;—the other is a man that left this county a few months ago with one of his colored friends; and from every appearance they have organized a clan and intend to carry out the principles of John A. Murrell! They came together again after I left the place, on the same night, and left with four of Cherubim Harshman's negroes, and were seen by several persons crossing the mountain towards New Market. I understand from good authority that they promised some of their colored brethren to return in a few weeks to make a third adventure. These, as well as other reports, give a general impression that Murrellism is about to make a second appearance in our land. It is sincerely hoped that the people on the Valley Turnpike and other roads leading to the free States, will keep a keen eye, and not suffer the executors of such an outbreaking plan to go unnoticed.—Their mode of conveying their spoil is alone enough to cause suspicion. By strict attention such knaves may be detected and the valuable property of many of our good citizens saved.

Page co., Va., Sept., 5th, 1848.

POLITICS AND DIETETICS.—Sylvester Graham, vulgarly known as the "bran bread philosopher," is lecturing for Gen Taylor.—He may redeem his character with some of the wine-bibbing gentry who have so long set him down as a 'humbug' or an 'imposter.' They may suddenly discover that he is a prodigy of sanity, eloquence and honesty. In their gratitude and joy for his aid, they might almost consent to drink his health in a glass of cold water, or sup with him on "bran bread." For our part, if this is a specimen of his moral perceptions and ethics, we think he had better stick to physiology and dietetics. He may be a very wise doctor, for aught we know, but in commending to the sick nation the dose he advises, he should end with the injunction of the criminal Judge to the culprit—"And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."—*Pa. Freeman.*

CONTRADICTORY.—"There is no Whig *of the South* more favorable to the principles of *Free Soil* than General Taylor."—*Rochester Daily American.*

"There is no man in the South more bitterly opposed to the Wilmot Proviso, and the principles involved in it, than General Taylor.—*N. O. Picayune.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

GUILFORD, 10th mo. 2nd, 1848.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

I find in the Anti-Slavery Bugle of the 22nd ult., over the signature of Milo A. Townsend, a communication purporting to be a brief account of the proceedings of the Orthodox Yearly Meeting. In this production I find the author saying, that "so far nothing has been done by this large body of people, that will tend to benefit or enlighten the world—nothing that will cause humanity to rejoice, or the slave in his chains to breathe one sigh, or drop one tear less. If the world is ever redeemed from its darkness and slavery, and Freedom's triumph hour shall come, it must be in spite of anything that the Friends are now doing to hasten so auspicious a day." Now, if our author found, or finds a justification for the above sweeping animadversion of the Society of Friends in the unhappy existence, at this time, of a spirit of contention and division—in the fact, as he observes, "God's peculiar people" should be quarreling about Gurneyism and Wilberism, together with "a great deal of wrangling and contention about very small matters"—and also that it was "very obvious the sectarian animosity is becoming more virulent, and the party lines more distinctly drawn," I cannot, with the information I now possess of the circumstances leading to, and growing out of, the much-to-be-regretted split which took place in the Anti-Slavery Society of the United States some eight or ten years ago, see why he should not include the latter also in his general *anathema*.

To see the party "animosity," the scowl, the corroding acidity, the inflamatory acrimony, the enthusiastic denunciation, the wholesale crimination, the biting sarcasm, the withering hate, struck off with a masterly hand and moulded with a giant intellect, equipped in a dress without a parallel, perhaps, in the English language, which characterized the proceedings of those who made a *very* loud profession of their sincere regard for the oppressed of mankind—having outlived the day and time when "the elements of discord, *ignorance, superstition*, and *sectarian partyism*" should have cramped the liberal mind, we need only consult the journals and newspapers of those times.

If Friends "wrangled and contended about small matters" at their late Yearly Meeting, has not the Anti-Slavery Society been like guilty, and should therefore have a like retribution? Let him that is without fault cast the *first* stone.

Before comparing Friends to little "children playing on the sea-shore amid the sand and dirt," because they found themselves unpleasantly contending "about Gurneyism and Wilberism," a subject which they, as a society, must necessarily investigate, and which to them was one of no ordinary importance, he should have blotted out of memory Garrisonites and Tappenites, or must forget the Liberty party and the Dissolutionists are continually contending and jarring about matters which, to impartial spectators may appear as small as Gurneyism and Wilberism did to him. This very unpleasant subject does properly belong to the Society of Friends as an organized body alone; not that *man* should be gagged, but that it could not reasonably be expected of others, not with them in Religious connection, should feel the same interest in it. Had not allusions been made with some particularity to this very unpleasant controversy, now disturbing the peace, and almost threatening the permanency of the Religious Society of Friends, in America, and the probability of the communication meeting the eye of those not acquainted with its nature. I should not have taxed your time for a moment. But as it is, I thought it nothing more than fair that something should be said on the opposite side.

Friends have always been distinguished from all other Religious denominations, or organizations, not only as regards religious faith and doctrines, and their very peculiar views of many portions of the Holy Scriptures, but also as respects their Discipline, or code of laws for church government, being truly democratic in its character; no other, they conceive can be properly deducted from a just interpretation of the doctrines of Christianity.

Every organization, religious, political, moral or scientific, must agree upon some rule or law for its government. While its members are willing to observe these rules, they are consistant and admitted to all that these laws, allow or the full enjoyment of membership; but when any neglect or violate them, they are at once subject to the penalty of the transgression, and can no longer claim a just right to the privileges and benefits of such organizations.

The Ohio Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends held at Mount Pleasant in the year 1819, agreed upon a set of rules or Discipline, the introduction of which thus commences: "In the morning of the gospel day, the apostles and disciples found it necessary to meet together for the consolation and strength of one another, when, pursuant to the nature and design of the gospel, which brought *peace* on earth and *good will to man*; a care arose for the edification of the church, and that all being *of one family*, might be *of one mind*." In this book of Discipline it is strongly enjoined that their "Meetings for Discipline, be kept select"—that "after a charge against a member for disorderly conduct is entered on the minutes of a meeting for Discipline, he or she should not be permitted to sit in any meetings for Discipline, until the case is determined, and the meeting satisfied. And further, "that elders, overseers, and others concerned for the support of the Discipline exercise a care that meetings for business be kept select, *not permitting those who have not a right of membership among us to sit in those meetings*." And the usages of this religious organization have uniformally been in accordance with this injunction, and so much stress is placed upon it, that the Advices annually read in all the subordinate meetings, "*further* recommends that all the meetings for business *be kept select, &c.*," Now in the face of all this, our author would say, "Five days have been spent by a large body of men in disputing about matters of no importance, chiefly upon the question whether *three disowned* Wilberites, from New England should be allowed to sit during their meetings of business; the Gurneyites protesting against their proceeding to business until these "outsiders withdrew," at the same time *very modestly* denominating B. W. Ladd, commander-in-chief of this Yearly Meeting. He who in conjunction with Benjamin Hoyle, "was active in instigating the dragging out of Abby Kelly, some three years ago," when she *intruded* herself amongst them to lift up her eloquent voice for the perishing and the dumb! Why should not Benjamin W. Ladd, speak with authority on this subject; since he looked upon the intrusion of these persons from New England, as an aggravated subversion of the order and Discipline of the Society. For those persons had no more lawful right to sit in those meetings, than had Milo A. Townsend, who acknowledges having been thrown "overboard some years ago?" or any other individual who had never been a member. The Anti-Slavery Friends of Indiana—since for conscience sake they withdrew from the main body of Friends—have never in a single instance, acted thus disorderly and unchristian. Indeed I cannot see how concerned Friends could consent to proceed to business under such circumstances. If the Wilberites, (as they are called, more properly I think Factionists) were determined, with Benj. Hoyle at their head, to carry their measures at all hazards, in open violation of Discipline order, and christian sobriety; why did they not like the Anti-Slavery Friends of Indiana, withdraw decently, orderly, honorably, and conduct their own affairs in their own way unmolested by "*the unsound Gurneyites*," who *happened* to be in religious connection with every Orthodox Yearly Meeting on this continent!!! It was of course as a body, are standing in the way of the slave's deliverance and the world's redemption," it is in a great measure, owing to these disorderly members, to the conduct of such, as at last Yearly Meeting, violated the Discipline for party purposes. There are several other points I had intended to notice, but my paper and time admonish me to close.

Yours for humanity and truth,

J. P. GRUWELL.

COLERAIN, Ohio, October 9th, 1848.

FRIENDS JONES:—

More than ever am I convinced of the importance of the Disunion agitation. I believe it to be the only honorable and rightful exodus from the awful curse of Slavery.—Surely it is as great a truism now as ever, "That all men are created free and equal,"—that they possess an inherent right to "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness,"—and that it is an outrage to dispossess any human being of this right.

Yet we are called upon to unite with a movement that has for its object, not the entire prohibition of slavery, but merely to restrict it to its present limits; and we are, moreover, told that this is true Abolitionism. Is it so? Certainly not. No true lover of Liberty can unite with it, because it virtually denies the self-evident truth, that "*All* men are created free and equal." I regard this Wilmot Proviso movement as cringing and servile. Those who embark in it, profess to see that slavery is a dire curse. They see that it is, as it were, sapping the very life blood of the nation. They see this American Juggernaut annually crushing its thousands under its ponderous wheels. Yet they prostrate themselves, in a supplicating posture, before the Idol. They say to it, "We will continue to sacrifice annually our thousands to thee, as we have heretofore done.—We know that thou delightest in all manner of iniquity. The blood of thy victims, warm and smoking on the altar of oppression, is pure incense to thee. Go on, tearing asunder the nearest and dearest ties of affection! Continue to deprive thy victims of the Bible—that Book which is alone able to direct the wanderer through "life's thorny vale," to a bourne of eternal happiness. Go on with thy wholesale prostitution and corruption—but we beseech of thee to only restrain these things to their present limits.

Such is emphatically the posture of the Free Soilers. And is this Abolitionism!—I leave the reader to decide. Remember that this movement does not propose to strike the fetters from the limbs of a single slave that now breathes. But we are told that the reform must be brought about gradually—that it will not do to force this matter. But "cease to do evil," and that *immediately*, is the injunction. Besides, I do not believe that Slavery will be abolished in this way. It must be done through revolution. I believe that history—both profane and ecclesiastical—will bear me out in the assertion, that when once an evil has been embodied into an organization, as one of its cardinal principles, that this evil has never been eradicated, by remaining in connection with that organization, or by joining it for that purpose. The reason is obvious. It is because in supporting that organization we necessarily support the evil connected with it. Now this government is organized. It is based upon a written constitution; and in this constitution slavery is recognized. In supporting it, then, we necessarily sanction slavery. Therefore it is utterly impossible, by so doing, to advance the cause of Liberty. But some will say history will not support me in this position. They will point to the abolition of slavery in the Ottoman Empire, Barbary States, and the British West Indies. But Turkey and the Barbary States are not strictly organizations. They are absolute monarchies—what is law there to-day may not be to-morrow—the wills of their Sovereigns constitute their laws; and it was *they* that abolished slavery. Neither was slavery an incorporated principle of the British government—it existed in her colonies only temporarily. But, on the contrary, history is replete with reformations, brought about on the principle of Disunion. These all are familiar with.

Yours as ever,

J. W. NEWPORT.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

It is with some degree of diffidence that I presume to address a thought to you, but I have resolved to do so.

Not long since, I found myself in conflict with a pro-slavery priest, whose natural power were in my opinion such, that his priestly influence was all that rendered him an object worthy of attention, I succeeded in showing up his pro-slavery, (he of course claiming to be anti-slavery) according to my wishes.—Now what I want is to tell you how he took himself off. After our last personal encounter, in which I gave him all I could in conscience (for I always pitied a fellow foe, even though he might be the devil himself,) he went into his pulpit, where of course he was safe, and in the midst of a sermon made use of the following: "Shall I quarrel with my neighbor, or find fault with him, because it hath not pleased the munificent creator of us all to bestow upon him the same degree of mental power, or the same extent of intellectual capacity which he hath mercifully seen fit in his great wisdom, and kindness, to confer upon MYSELF!!! It was of course overwhelming.

I was disarmed—floored, served up, gun spiked, completely so; and since, I have forborn making any atempt of the kind, because I have not yet been able to make a journey to Fowler, the Phrenologist, to find whether I am or not inevitably *idiotic*.

But I should never have troubled you with the foregoing, had I not observed in No. 5, that the thoughts of all *great men*, as Sylvester Graham said, while reading a speech of the "godlike Daniel," "are inclined to run in similar channel." The thoughts I allude to, are in your leader, the closing sentence is as follows: "If we were to speak of those, who, with the best intentions are too *weak* to resist the temptation to vote, when it comes in no more formidable a guise than Free Soil and Martin Van Buren, it would be unkind and unjust to censure a *feeble man because he could not bear the burden or do the labor of a strong one*"!!!

Now, friends, I am not at present going to comment. I will act upon the admonition of the crowing fowl, who chanced to get into a stable with some race horses: "We must be careful," said he, "and not step on one another." But believing you are, as you intimate, tender, kind and just to the *feeble* and the *weak*, I ask that you would give the foregoing a place in your paper, and soon if ever.

I remain yours for the release of the bondman.

M. S. BEACH.

Vernon, Oct. 3rd, 1848.

[We give place to the foregoing because the writer requests it, and not that we see any particular force in the article. M. S. B., though not a Disunionist, we suspect applies to himself the quoted remarks of ours relative to some Disunionists, who we were told intended to vote for Van Buren, and whom we endeavored to classify, though scarcely believing they would do such a thing.—EDRS.]

A TEXAS JUDGE IN NEW MEXICO.—We learn from the Fayette (Howard county) Times, that Judge Beard and family, of Texas, passed up the river last Sunday week, on his way to New Mexico. He goes out by authority of the Governor of Texas, as *Judge of New Mexico*. Texas intends, we suppose, to assert her paper title, and the confession of President Polk in support of her claim to the land and the jurisdiction of that part of the country known as New Mexico. If successful in establishing her right, as may very possibly be the case—President Polk having already acknowledged it—the *introduction of slavery goes with it*.—This is a condition of things which the Northern folks do not seem to have considered, although the President doubtless did, when he recognized the right of Texas to the soil and jurisdiction upon the shabbiest pretext that ever governed a statesman in so important a matter.—*St. Louis Republican.*

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, OCTOBER 20, 1848.

"I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT—THE ALARM BELL WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS.—*Edmund Burke.*

☞ Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

The Amistad Africans.

The discussion pro and con of the Free Soil movement, and the investigation of the past and present position of some of the leaders in it, cannot but result in good in more ways than one. Since the nomination of Martin Van Buren, his political opponents have dragged from the grave of the past, every one of his official acts which told in favor of slavery, and paraded their skeleton forms in the broad sunlight of the present.—Some of these, it must be admitted have rather an ugly look; but the friends of the Free Soil movement have endeavored to send a part of them back to their resting place, and to clothe the others in such apologies or palliations as they best can.

His conduct in regard to the Amistad Africans has of late been made the subject of much comment, and documentary evidence has been adduced on the one hand to prove that it was the very acme of injustice—an act of absolute despotism; while on the other hand, letters and opinions of great men are produced to show that it was not really so bad after all. We well remember the indignation which every abolitionist felt at the time of the trial of these captives, when it was ascertained that Martin Van Buren designed interposing his official authority to aid the pirates Ruiz and Montes in the reclamation of their alledged slaves. The act was denounced as infamous, the name of Van Buren was spit upon, and his character held up as most detestable. It may be that the abolitionists of 1840 suffered their sympathies to become too much excited, it may be their language was ill-judged and fanatical, but of this we are not yet convinced. So far as our knowledge extended, there was not a single one who claimed to be an abolitionist who then believed that the censures bestowed upon the Executive were any too severe. But it is not so now. It is necessary for the nominee of the Free Soil convention to have all his unrepented pro-slavery acts placed in as favorable a position as possible, and therefore many are engaged in seeking [illegible] probably never stoop to do, were he not their candidate. But suppose all they urge is true, suppose the history of the last eight years has placed those actions of Martin Van Buren which abolitionists once so emphatically condemned in a more favorable light; what is the lesson that is taught, what is the inference that should be drawn? Simply this: that the Whig and Democratic nominees for the Presidency should not be so severely censured for their supposed relations to the system of slavery, lest, when eight years more have rolled by, professed abolitionists will find it necessary or expedient to show that they were not so very much in favor of slavery after all. Who knows but the apparant servility of Cass may be made to seem no more than ordinary courtesy; and Taylor's importation of blood-hounds an act as laudable as the introduction of Durham cattle or Merino sheep!

But let us refer to the facts in relation to the Amistad Africans, and see whether they have improved—as wine is said to do—by age. Of course no one can object to this, for as Martin Van Buren has left his retirement, and again entered upon the stage of public life, it will not be considered indecorous or uncourteous to scan his deeds while acting as Executive of this nation. Our object in so doing is not to extenuate, as is evidently the case with some, or to set down aught in malice, as may be true of others; we desire simply to present facts as they are and were.

The correspondence in relation to this matter which was laid before Congress contains but one letter written by the Executive, although Forsyth, then Secretary of State, frequently refers to the opinions of the President. That letter was written, as will appear, while the case of the Africans was before the Circuit Court of Connecticut.

"The Marshal of the United States for the District of Connecticut will deliver over to Lieut. John J. Paine, of the United States Navy, and aid in conveying on board the Schooner Grampus, under his command, all the negroes late of the Spanish Schooner Amistad, in his custody, under process now pending before the Circuit Court of the U. States, for the District of Connecticut. For so doing, this order will be his warrant.

"Given under my hand, at this city of Washington, this seventh day of January, A. D. 1840.

MARTIN VAN BUREN."

It is urged by some that Van Buren did not intend to interfere with the court, although the order is to deliver over the negroes "under process *now pending*." However this may be, it cannot be denied that he designed to prevent the negroes having an opportunity to prosecute an appeal, provided the decision of the court was against them. The whole country was deeply interested in the issue of this trial. The South well knew that a decision in favor of the Africans would operate with tremendous power against slavery, and they strained every nerve to forestall it. The North, or at least the liberty loving portion, felt that a great principle was involved in the issue, and they were as energetic and as determined as the South. The contest was not simply between two Spaniards on the one side, and forty Africans on the other, but it was a contest between Slavery and Freedom. Van Buren fraternized with those who battled for the former; and through his Secretary of State, he in substance informed the Marshal to whom the foregoing order was addressed, that if the decision of the Court was adverse to the negroes, they were to be hurried on board the Grampus, taking it for granted that they would not appeal from such a decision. The commander of that vessel was ordered to deliver them to the Captain General of Cuba, under whose laws Martin Van Buren well knew that many of them would be doomed to death for attempting what the revolutionary fathers succeeded in effecting. John Quincy Adams, the father of the Free Soil nominee for the Vice Presidency, in one of his speeches refers to the document quoted and says:

"This order (to take the negroes) was on its face positive, sweeping, unconstitutional. No specification of persons, no names, not even their number; *all* the negroes, late of the Spanish Schooner Amistad, in his custody, under process *now pending* before the Circuit Court of the United States. Was this order given in a country where the Rights of Persons were words without meaning? In the Kingdom of Dahomey? In the region where the Bowstring is the Warrant of Execution? It was given in the land of the Declaration of Independence—in the land of the Self-evident Truth. It was given by a President of the United States!

"It was of course null and void; and if, before the decision of the Court, it had been delivered to the Marshal, and he had executed it, he would have staked not only the lives of the negroes, but his own head, and that of Martin Van Buren, the signer of the order, upon the event."

Now if Martin Van Buren has given evidence of his sincere repentence for this outrage upon liberty, it would be unjust and ungenerous to remember it against him. Has he done so? In his letter to the Barnburners' Convention at Utica, he said:

"The extent to which I have sustained it [Slavery] in the various stations I have occupied is known to the country. *I was at the time well aware that I went further in this respect than many of my best friends could approve.* But deeply penetrated by the conviction that slavery was the only subject which could endanger our blessed Union, I was determined that no effort on my part, within the pale of the Constitution, should be wanting to sustain its compromises as they were understood, and *it is now a source of consolation to me that I pursued the course I then adopted.*"

The same spirit that led him to sustain slavery within the Constitution, and upon American soil, doubtless led him to act as he did in the case of the Amistad Africans, for the South made the controversy between the Spanish pirates and the African captives their own, and they demanded that the supporters of American slavery should rally to the defence of Cuban chattelism; that they who were pledged to sustain the infernal system here, must do it by sustaining it there—and Martin Van Buren did so. If he has repented of this great sin before God, let the people have the evidence of it. Instead of the lame apologies of his supporters for the deed, let the public hear his honest condemnation of it. Martin Van Buren did what he could to deprive the captives of the Amistad of such trial as they were entitled to, and to place them in the hands of the Captain General of Cuba to be treated as assassins—to be whipped and tortured and hung; let him now declare whether he has repented of this great wickedness, or has not.

PRISONER'S FRIEND.—The October No. of this work is received. It is illustrated with an engraving of Dudley Castle, and contains a large amount of valuable matter from the pen of its editor and contributors, as well as in the form of selected articles. The change of this paper from a weekly to a monthly we infer has been favorably received. Those who desire to preserve a history of the progress of prison reform in this country, should possess themselves of a copy.

The UNION for October is very fine. Its embellishment of "The Bitter Morning" is true to life, and the tale which illustrates it, is capitally told—it bears hard upon mere theoretical philanthrophists. "The Hotel De Ville"—the Town Hall of Paris—is handsomely engraved, and is especially appropriate to the times. Mrs. Kirkland's "Sight seeing in Europe" continues to be interesting and instructive. Frances S. Osgood contributes a poem—"God loves him still"—which is worth the price of the volume, and its presence in a popular magazine indicates that a better feeling is beginning to pervade society, a feeling which recognizes the brotherhood of all, and the claim of all to kindness and consideration, and which prompts the bestowal of labor for the reclamation of the erring.

☞ The Liberty Leaguers of Ohio have nominated an electoral ticket. Their views of the Constitution appear to us not only unsound but absurd, but we honor the fidelity with which they adhere to the principles they have laid down, so unlike the conduct of the anti-slavery followers of Van Buren.

A Challenge.

We have been requested to give an insertion to the following:

RICHFIELD, Oct. 14, 1848.

To Jaspar J. Moss:

Dear Sir—I understood you to say on the evening of the 9th inst., in Randolph, that you would discuss with me the subject of war, "at any or in every place where you could get an opportunity to do so." If agreeable to you, I will meet you in Randolph, on Thursday and Friday, the 2nd and 3rd of Nov., or on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 8th and 9th, to discuss the following Resolution:

Resolved, That war between human beings, from whatever motives waged, *is now, always was, and always will be*, opposed to the nature of God, to the Christian Religion, to the Brotherhood of Man, and to the best interests of mankind.

In this proposition I mean to include the Jewish wars, recorded in the Old Testament, as well as all other wars.

You will greatly oblige me if you will return an answer to this to William Steadman or to Truman Case, of Randolph—or to Austin Hale of Mogadore, at your earliest convenience.

The Affirmative to open the debate, and the Negative to close it, and each to speak half an hour alternately, till the discussion closes—the closing speech to introduce no new matter.

Thine,

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

A NEW CLAIM.—The Presbytery of Elyria, at its recent meeting, adopted a series of resolutions on the Sabbath question, among which is the following:

Resolved, That the holding of political or other meetings than those which are strictly religious, either on the Sabbath or Saturday evening, is an encroachment upon the sacredness of the day—detrimental to the cause of morality and piety, and therefore should be avoided.

If the members of this Presbytery choose to abstain from holding reform meetings on the Sabbath, they have a perfect right so to do, nor should we have quarreled with them for expressing such a determination. But when they declare that because God commands that the Sabbath should be kept in a certain way, *therefore* does the Presbytery of Elyria command that Saturday evening be also similarly observed, and denounce those who, as a preparation for the Sabbath, choose that time to preach to the people the weightier matters of the law—judgment, mercy and truth, as embodied in the Temperance, Peace and Anti-Slavery reforms—it is a piece of sheer assumption, for which they have the authority of neither Law nor Gospel.

It is generally presumed God knew what he was about when he commanded that one day in seven should be set apart for his service, as the church affirms that he did, but the members of the Presbytery of Elyria think otherwise, and deem that an amendment to the law of Jehovah is necessary, and esteem themselves the proper ones to make it. The people should resist such aggressions, and not allow the rulers in the church to monopolize, for the preaching of sectarian dogmas, *more* than one day in every seven. Grant their claim to Saturday evening, and next year they can bring just as cogent reasons against holding reform meetings—for it was more the "*other meetings*" than the political ones they feared—on Friday evenings, and so on to the end of the chapter. If they had said that such meetings were "detrimental to the cause of morality and piety," no matter on what day of the week they were held, there might have been at least a show of reason for their opposition to them, but to say they are thus demoralizing *because* held on Saturday instead of Friday, is absurd.

THE OHIO ELECTION appears as yet rather doubtful in its results, and the probability is that neither Weller nor Ford, were elected by large majorities. Should the former prove to be the successful candidate, it is to be hoped that Gen. Ford will learn that playing "mum" is not the best policy. It was due to the people, that he should give them his views upon the questions now agitating the political community; but he would not, and has probably lost thousands of votes by so doing.

We rather hope a Democratic Legislature is elected; not that there is a copper to choose between the two parties, but as the Whigs, who had the majority last year, and year before refused to repeal the Black Laws, it is no more than right to give the Democrats a chance to do it this. Next week the returns will probably be sufficiently definite to decide whether what seems now to be a somewhat general impression, is true—that Weller is elected.

ELECTION IN PENNSYLVANIA.—This State has gone for the Whigs by a very considerable majority. The result, of course, makes the Cass men look rather blue, while the Taylorites are in a state of uproarious glorification. Whether the Quaker State will in November wheel into the ranks with Taylor's bloodhounds, or unite with the Cass serviles, is not at all certain; nor does it matter much to humanity whether they sustain slavery through the one candidate or the other.

General Items.

A Monster Hotel.—An immense hotel, to be called the Burnet House, is in course of erection in Cincinnati. It is to be one third larger than the celebrated Astor House of New York, the present occupant of which expects to lease the new building. The Burnet House will cost $150,000.

"*Sitting up with the sick*," is the term now used to designate the employment of those who stump it for Taylor in Ohio.

The Last Joke.—The "Boston Atlas," calls Zachary Taylor "that practical farmer!"

Dickens is writing a story for the coming Christmas, for which he is to receive $25,000.

The coinage of the British Mint has averaged for the last thirty years seventeen millions of dollars annually, while the interest on the government debt is over twenty-four millions!

The Odd Fellows of Oneida District, N. Y. have resolved not to submit to a recent decision made by the United States Grand Lodge in the New York case, "because said decision constitutes the Grand Sire the Autocrat of the Order."

Louis Philippe, it is said, has purchased Stamford Park, in Canada, near Niagara, and designs removing there ere long.

It is estimated that the P. O. Department saves at least $60,000 annually by the suspension of Sunday mails, so far as they have been suspended. No doubt of it, and the same saving of expense would probably follow the suspension of the Monday mails.

Santa Anna and family are residing in the Island of Jamaica, and intend making that their permanent home.

A Trappist Monastery is about to be founded in Kentucky—1200 acres of land having been purchased there for that purpose.

Over ten millions of dollars worth of coal was exported from Pennsylvania last year. Her coal mines are of far more value than the gold and silver mines of any State.

Wm. J. Graves, late member of Congress from Kentucky, and the murderer of Cilley, is deceased.

The Turkish Brig Arrarat, has arrived in Boston from Constantinople, and is the first vessel of that nation which ever visited that port.

A Religious Manufacturing Associatton has been started in West Springfield, Mass.—The Directors, Agents and Boarding House keepers are all to be religious persons, and no operatives but those bearing a moral character are to be employed. The "Scientific American" suggests that a pious manufacturing company should not require its hands to work 14 hours per day for potatoes and salt and expresses a hope that the Association will practice as well as profess religion.

The man who was carried over Niagara Falls, was Richard Leedom, of Buffalo. He was a shoemaker by trade, thirty-five years of age, and had no family.

Corwin's Explanation.

The following is an extract from the Cleveland speech of Taylor's chief Jackall of Ohio, *alias* Thomas Corwin:

Fellow-citizens, a placard was placed in my hands this morning, containing a garbled extract from a speech which I had the honor to address to the American Senate, and calculated to mislead you in reference to myself. When the President of the United States had, without the authority of Congress, plunged the nation into the recent atrocious war with Mexico, it became my duty as a member of the Senate, to investigate the facts connected therewith. After thorough examination and mature reflection, I believed that the war was uncalled for, unnecessary, and therefore an unjust war; and while I stood ready at all times to vote all necessary supplies for those gallant and patriotic young countrymen of ours who so nobly flew to the standard of their country, yet was I in favor of an immediate order to the General-in-Chief of the army, for its prompt withdrawal from the territory of Mexico. And in my speech in the Senate, to which I have already alluded, in showing the Mexican's powerful inducements for a protracted struggle, I stated that ours was an invading army, and that the citizens of a weak and distracted sister Republic were called upon to defend all they held most sacred—the grounds rendered consecrate by the blood of their sires, the graves of their fathers—their mothers, sisters, offspring, and their firesides; and I stated that were I a Mexican I would meet this army with bloody hands, and welcome it to hospitable graves. And who of you, fellow-citizens, were a foreign army to invade our own soil, no matter what the cause might be, would not thus meet and thus welcome them? The man who cannot respond to such a sentiment is a traitor, and unworthy a place among men. And for uttering this sentiment, to which no true patriot would take exception, I am represented as wishing my brave countrymen to be slaughtered in a foreign country, in this execrable war!

"If I were a Mexican I would meet this army with bloody hands and welcome it to hospitable graves," says Corwin. Would he be justified in so doing? Certainly not, unless the Americans were clearly in the wrong, even admitting defensive war to be right. He tells us the Mexicans fought for all they held most sacred—their native land consecrated by the blood of the martyrs of liberty, their mothers, their sisters, their children, their firesides, and their altars. And who was their invader, who was it that slaughtered them for daring to do what Corwin declares he would have done had he been of them? It was the infamous Taylor, whose Committee has bought up Corwin—if not with money, yet with a price—and holds him as a slave that is forced to do a master's bidding. It is bad enough for a man to be sold against his will, but what can be said of one who is sold with his own consent?

"The Clarion of Freedom," a Liberty party paper at New Concord, Muskingum Co. O. has been discontinued; and its subscription list &c. made over to a *company* organized under the name of the "New Concord Free Press Company," who design issuing a paper bearing the name of the "Free Press" at $1,50 a year. The prospectus states:

"The paper shall be devoted to the interests of no sect or party, exclusively; but shall be open to free discussion on all subjects—Religious, Moral, Political and Literary—aiming to set forth the strongest arguments on all sides of such disputed subjects as may agitate the popular mind.

"Civil and Religious Liberty, and the abolition of Slavery where it is, as well as its non-extension over territory now free, shall be boldly advocated as great fundamental principles of truth."

Meeting at Cleveland.

The star actor and lion of the play was Giddings himself. The secondary lights—jesters, prompters and interrogators—were Senator Backus, F. J. Prentiss, D. J. Garrett and S. Prentiss. The morning paper, the "True Democrat," announced that Mr. Giddings had arrived, and would hold forth in the Court House in the evening. The evening paper, the "Herald," gave notice that the Taylor meeting which was to be held that evening, would be postponed.—Thus were signals exchanged between those contending organs, and everything betokened a desperate fray. No one was disappointed.

The Court House was crowded. The Taylor men were there, armed to the teeth with interrogatories sharper than stiletoes, and intended to be more fatal. Giddings was on hand with every preparation that an invaded individual could make. He was armed at all points, and like the porcupine, whenever attacked, left his mark upon his adversary. He commenced the humble, anxious inquirer after truth; said he loved every-body; was open to reproof, correction and conviction. If he in his innocence, stated any thing wrong, he hoped to be corrected, and desired his auditors to ask him any questions they pleased. He would make statements and then call upon his audience to know if he was not right. If none answered, of course, silence was presumed to give consent, and in this way he went on for a while.

Giddings in this manner, was proceeding, carrying everything before him, demolishing Taylorism, rearing monuments to its memory, &c., when one of the members of the Taylor Club pitched at him like a yearling bull at a brush fence. This was what the old fox wanted. The young and fierce assailant was F. J. Prentiss, Esq., a scion of the Green Mountains, (our native State,) and as ardent as the eternal snows of those bleak hills could make him. Giddings had asked if any Taylor man present could tell what Gen. Taylor's views were in reference to the Wilmot Proviso. Prentiss answered that he could. He had lately had a private talk with one Leslie Coombs, (a Kentucky slaveholder) and this Coombs (of liberty pole memory) had lately had a private talk with Gen. Taylor, in which private talk, General Taylor had avowed his opposition to the extension of slavery, and was in favor of the Wilmot Proviso. That was the proof.—Giddings smiled a triumphant grin. He had his victim entirely in his power.

"Leslie Coombs," said he, "and who is Leslie Coombs? What right has he to Gen. Taylor's private sentiments on this subject more than the humblest citizen of the Republic? Does not this momentous question concern us all? Have we not all a right to know the sentiments of a Presidential candidate on a question which absorbs all others? Why did not Gen. Taylor publish these opinions to the world? He has been repeatedly asked to do so, and he pertinaciously refuses. The great mass of voters are to be led to the polls blindfolded, and compelled to vote in the dark upon a question which not only affects them and their children, but their children's children!—Now," said Mr. Giddings, "what kind of proof is this, upon which Gen. Taylor is convicted of entertaining even private opinions in favor of the Wilmot Proviso?—Why," said he, "it is evidence that would be ruled out of court before a country magistrate in a case of sheep stealing." [Here the cheers of the Van Buren men were tremendous.]

After a considerable parleying with Mr. Prentiss, Mr. G. proceeded, and stated that he with several other members of Congress, had addressed letters to Gen. Taylor on the subject of the Proviso, to which no answers were ever received. Some one asked if they had paid the *postage*. "No," says Giddings, "we franked them!" [A shout.] "But," said he, "when Gen. Taylor was addressed by a *Southern* editor, to know if he meant in his Signal letter to be understood as a Provisoist, he promptly replied that he did not wish to be so understood. To prove that Taylor was opposed in toto to the Proviso, Giddings cited the case of the legislative committee of Mississippi, and the report of one of its members to Mr. Thompson, a member of Congress. Here Senator Backus arose, shook the dew from his mane, and asked Mr. Giddings *what proof he had* that any such correspondence was ever had.—Giddings quickly replied, that *he had seen the original letter of Boone, the committee man*, to Mr. Thompson, a copy of which he there had, and would read. Dunder and blixen, what a shout here rose from the Van Buren men. Backus slunk into his chair, and looked but the pigmy of his former self. After a long roar of laughter by the whole crowd, they wound up by three loud cheers. It was feared that this would be the last appearance of the Taylor men. But not so.—Their chief "never surrenders," and old Zack would have been proud of his young "bloodhounds," could he have seen them in this unequal fight, like volunteers at Buena Vista, sticking by him to the last. But old Zack would never have been ambushed as were these bully boys last night. They showed more courage than discretion in trying to make out this old *slave dealer* a *Proviso man*, and that too in the presence of Giddings. Storming Monterey with a popgun would have been about as sensible and successful an act.

Giddings had the boys all the time on this subject, and played with them as a kitten plays with its first mouse, first poking them about, then swallowing them.

So far from Taylor daring to desert the South on this subject, (said Mr. G.) he had still a more powerful interest not to desert himself—that by allowing slavery to be extended over New Mexico and California, Taylor's property, in slaves, would be enhanced $30,000. It is folly, said he, to suppose that the man who refused to pay *ten cents* postage on a letter, is insensible to such an interest. Here Backus having "come to," arose, looked daggers at the speaker, and pounced upon him in this wise: "Sir, would you consider it honorable in a constituent of yours, to suppose that you could be influenced in your Representative duties by a consideration like this?" "Yes," most emphatically, said Mr. G. "*if I refused to give my sentiments publicly when asked! Suspect me of any thing*, when I thus tamper with my constituents." Cheers, stamping and roaring followed this reply.—Backus was down, floored, and fizzled out!—*Plain Dealer.*

Horace Greeley out for Taylor.

After some four months wrestling with temptation, Horace Greeley—even freedom-loving—slavery-hating Horace Greeley, has reluctantly surrendered and gone over to Gen. Taylor and his pro-slavery supporters. It is melancholy to see a man of so much power of talent—so much nobleness of nature—of such generous and humane impulses, identifying himself with a cause he has denounced in unmeasured terms of censure, and becoming a *particeps criminis* in the perpetration of wrong.

We regret to bid farewell to such a man as Greeley, but we can even do that without swerving at all from the rectitude of the course we have all along pursued. Whilst Mr. G. occupied a neutral position, we could in a measure fellowship him. His pretended friendliness to our cause and principles had a show of sincerity, and if he was not our friend, we were confident that he was not our enemy. Having gone, with all he is and has been, to the support of *the* slavery candidate, we resign all claims to him, and must look upon his pretended sympathy with our principles, as hypocrisy or knavery. The man who, ignorant of his duty, does wrong, we can forgive, however much we may pity him. But the man who sins against light and knowledge, we cannot so readily pardon.

The great turning argument with Horace is, "the choice of two acknowledged evils." Either Taylor or Cass, he says, will be the next President, and he greatly prefers the latter, not so much because he views him a safer man than Cass, but because his triumph will be the triumph of the Whig party, "whose instincts and traditions alike," he says, "bind it to the cause of humanity and freedom." Vain and illusory in our opinion are the promises held out in favor of Freedom, by a party which will suffer the slave power to fasten upon it a candidate of the most odious character, and which will then endeavor to elect him by fraud and lying.—Mr. Greeley sees all this, and he must know that the election of Taylor will be hailed by the South as a triumph of Slavery over Freedom, and it will be so in fact.

Mr. Greeley has heretofore exercised a tremendous influence over a class of people who are now in a great measure merged in the free soil movement. This influence he now sacrifices. The confidence of thinking men can no longer repose in one who is so wedded to a poor old broken down party, whose only vitality is the vitality of that slavery monster, with which it is big, and of which it may, by the aid of his midwifery, possibly be safely delivered.—*True Democrat.*

From the Buffalo Advertiser.

A Man over the Falls of Niagara.

Neither fiction nor fact furnish an incident of more thrilling interest than one which occurred last evening at the Falls, and is detailed below by our correspondent. There is something terribly appalling, almost sublime, in the struggles for life of a strong, self-possessed man, when drawn into the totrent that, with the speed of a race horse, sweeps him onward to certain destruction. A moment scarcely elapses between entire safety and a most fearful death, yet in that moment what a wealth of life may be compressed.—How like lightning must flash through the mind all the pleasant recollections of childhood, the firm resolves of vigorous manhood, the hopes of the future, the endearments of home and friends, repentance for past errors, and prayers for forgiveness in that dread presence to which he is so awfully summoned!

Niagara Falls, October 2d, 1848.

At about sundown last evening a man was carried over the Falls. Who he was is not known. From his management of the sail-boat in which he came down the river, I think he was not well acquainted with the current or the rapids. His dress and appearance indicated respectability, and after he got into the rapids his self-possession was most extraordinary. His boat was a very good one—decked over on the bow, and I should think would carry three or four tons. From what I learn of a sail-boat having been seen below Black Rock, coming down, I think it is from there or Buffalo. No other than a person unacquainted with the current above the rapids would venture so near them.

I was on the head of Goat Island when I first discovered the boat—then near half a mile below the foot of Navy Island, and nearly two miles above the Falls. There seemed to be two in the boat. It was directed towards the American shore—the wind blowing from this shore, and still the sail was standing. Being well acquainted with the river, I regarded the position of the boat as extraordinary and hazardous, and watched it with intense anxiety. Soon I discovered the motion of an oar, and from the changing direction of the boat, concluded it had but one. While constantly approaching nearer and nearer the rapids, I could discover it was gaining the American shore, and by the time it had got near the first fall of the rapids, about half a mile above Goat Island, it was directly above the Island. There it was turned up the river, and for some time the wind kept it nearly stationary. The only hope seemed to be to come directly to Goat Island, and whether I should run half a mile to give alarm or remain to assist, in the event the boat attempted to make the Island, was a question of painful doubt. But soon the boat was again turned towards the American shore. Then it was certain it must go down the American rapids. I ran for the bridge, saw and informed a gentleman and lady just leaving the island, but they were unable to reply or move. I rallied a man at the toll-gate—we ran to the main bridge in time to see the boat just before it got to the first large fall in the rapids. Then I saw but one man, —he standing at the stern with his oar, changing the course of the boat down the current, and as it plunged over he sat down. I was astonished to see the boat rise with the mast and sail standing, and the man, again erect, directing the boat towards shore. As he came to the next, and to each succeeding fall, he sat down, and then would rise and apply his oar in the intermediate current.

Still there was hope that he would come near enough to the pier to jump upon the rock near the bridge, but the current dashed him from it under the bridge, breaking the mast. Again he rose, on the opposite side; taking his oar and pointing his boat towards the shore, he cried, "Had I better jump from the boat?" We could not answer, for either seemed certain destruction. Within a few rods of the Falls the boat struck a rock, turned over, and lodged. He appeared to crawl from under it, and swam with the oar in his hand till he went over the precipice.

Without the power to render any assistance—for half an hour watching a strong man struggling with every nerve for life, yet doomed with almost the certainty of destiny to an immediate and awful death, still hoping with every effort for his deliverance—caused an intensity of excitement I pray God never again to experience.

I write too hurriedly for publication, but I have stated all we have seen or know respecting the man or boat, and from which I hope you will be able to glean so much for publication as will lead to the discovery of the man.

Abolition of Slavery in Cayenne.

The following, says the Boston Atlas, is an extract from a letter just received from an intelligent gentleman in Cayenne, on the subject of the recent emancipation of the slaves in that colony.

"On the 10th of June orders were received in the colony, that slavery should be abolished in two months from that time. We had great fears as to what would take place on the 10th of Aug., the day on which the two months expired, during which slavery continued in Cayenne. During that time labor had almost ceased, and many of the mulattoes had endeavored to raise a revolt among the negroes.

The Governor had erections made on the fort, to put the powder magazine out of the power of the people; the artillery exercise was often repeated; and everything assumed an attitude not at all encouraging for the insurgents. The colored population have formed themselves into numerous clubs, organized by some turbulent spirits, and present a hostile appearance, to which was opposed the vigorous determination and well known resolution of the authorities.

The whites, being in some apprehension, were perfectly well armed, and not at all disposed to be slaughtered like lambs. I have slept, since the 10th of July, having a loaded musket and sword by my side. But at last the great and fearful day, the 10th of August, arrived. I left my house at half past six in the morning, at the sound of the drum which called the troops and militia to take their arms for the ceremony of the day. I walked through the streets, and saw no one, except a few militia who were going to their posts.

A general silence reigned throughout the streets; the militia were assembled on the public square at 7 o'clock; a certain number of whites were there; and about a hundred blacks, but not a single mulatto person.

The Governor proclaimed the abolition of slavery; he invites the negroes present to approach and hear the word of their Chief. Great fear reigned among them; they had been persuaded that they would be massacred on that day by the whites, and as the whites, on their side, had the same fears, you can imagine that the utmost tranquility resulted from their respective fears. Little by little confidence was re-established; the throngings of the inhabitants through the streets commenced; the Te Deum was sung at the church, after which over a thousand negroes marched to the front of the Governor's mansion to thank him for the proclamation made by him, giving them their freedom, and it was truly admirable to us who so little expected it, to see these poor people, who immediately afterward repaired to the church, and there quietly kneeling and lifting up their hands to heaven, thanked God for giving them their liberty.

There had come from the country two or three thousand negroes, and the city was crowded. In the evening there was a grand dance in the suburbs, and what is truly extraordinary and incredible, there has not been a single arrest, nor a single person seen intoxicated. In truth, these men behave admirably.

It is easy to count all the domestics who have quitted their masters; not one of mine has abandoned his post, but on the contrary, they have evinced more ardor than they have ever before shown. Would to God that the negroes on the plantations were the same; but nearly all those who are gathered on the sugar estates from other plantations have gone to their old homes. Work does not go on, and I think it will not, before at least one year. Sugar is worth but 12 to 13 francs, and it is impossible to make it at that price."

☞ Has the Volunteer ever heard of General Taylor cruelly beating his slaves?—*Carlisle Herald.*

Yes sir, we have. There is a man in the borough of Carlisle now, who witnessed Gen. Taylor torturing one of his slaves, by hanging the poor black devil by the two thumbs to the limb of a tree, when he (Gen. Taylor,) with his own hands, whipped him with a cow hide, every ten minutes for two hours, and laughed at the fun! The gentleman who told us this was present, and witnessed the cruel treatment, and if necessary is willing to make oath to the above facts.—Any other questions, Mr. Herald?—*Carlisle Volunteer.*

Revolting Spectacle.

One of those wretched spectacles which are seen wherever the system of African slavery is tolerated, was presented in the streets of our city, on Sunday morning last. A gang of negroes, consisting of persons of both sexes, accompanied by a white man, on their way to a southern market, passed along Chestnut street, *as the bells of the various churches were calling on christians to assemble at their respective places of worship.* In front of the procession was a large wagon, in which were thickly stowed several women and children. This was followed by forty-three men and boys walking, several of them chained together, the whole under the charge of a man on horseback. This miserable spectacle excited the honest indignation of our citizens, who regarded it as a direct insult offered to them, and the day, and the hour.

We have heard several of our most respectable citizens speak of this outrage on the feelings of a Christian community, all of whom concurred in reprobating it in the strongest possible terms. And, yet, such spectacles are the necessary adjuncts of the system of slavery. Wherever it prevails, they will be seen. We have never heard any one speak of the slave traders who are engaged in the internal slave trade, without denouncing them and their accursed traffic. They are every where looked upon as unworthy of the least respect, and their society is shunned by all. And yet men are found, who, for a base love of money will consign themselves and families to universal contempt, and others are found who for the sake of a few pitiful dollars, will sustain these men in their traffic by selling their slaves to them.

We earnestly hope the day is not very distant when our beloved Commonwealth, so honored and honorable in other respects, will get rid of its system of bondage, and along with it, all its revolting adjuncts.—*Louisville Examiner.*

Leaven Young vs. Capt. Wm. Jackson.—This was a case which would have come before the Common Pleas court but for a previous settlement of the parties. Nevertheless a brief report of it may be of some interest.

Leaven Young, a youth of 18 years, last December shipped on board the schooner Col. Davis, of Baltimore. Capt. Wm. J. Steward, the captain, agreeing to give him $7 a month. Except 25 cents in advance, on signing his papers, he had not received a cent of his wages, and having lost by the same captain many months wages before, he brought an action to recover the sum of $70 due him by the last contract.

For want of bail, the Captain placed in the hands of the officer who served the writ, $100, and took legal advice, according to which he preferred offering to Young's lawyer $50 to settle. The money was accepted, and there was an end of the matter.—Thus far one sees nothing to wonder at, except that young Mr. Young should have been so very lenient as to take $50 for a good claim to $70 for service performed, or that he could have found a lawyer so modest in behalf of his client as to allow him to accept of it.

But circumstances alter cases; and in this case some of the most superficial sort of circumstances may serve to explain our mystery.

Leaven Young was black, and was claimed as his slave by Capt. Steward. The Captain had executed the shipping papers merely to save trouble at the Custom House and perhaps in a free State. Arriving here last week with a cargo of sweet potatoes, Young left the schooner and taking refuge among the colored people, was directed to Robert Morris, Esq., a talented young *colored lawyer* in State street, who advised him of his rights under the shipping papers, which led to the writ served upon the captain and settled as aforesaid.

Capt. Steward, though he acknowledged that Young had sailed with him for two years without wages, and that he had always been his slave, was very angry at being obliged to pay the wages due according to his written contract, for the last ten months, and not at all thankful for the generous deduction of $20. And he was most especially indignant—bordering on the outrageous—that he was compelled to some little approach towards justice by a colored lawyer!

O pity the sorrows of a poor slaveholder—who coming to free soil Boston with sweet potatoes, not only lost his slave, but had to pay FIFTY DOLLARS to boot!—*Boston Chronolype.*

Africa—Capture of Slavers.—The British brig, Bream, arrived on Saturday from Sierra Leone, having left on the 1st ult. Mr. Ketchum, her supercargo, informs us of the capture of four slavers, all Brazilian, which were condemned and burned at that place. One of the vessels, a brig, prize to H. M. brig Alert, had on board, when captured 500 slaves. The schooner Water Witch had 472. The brig Sea Lark, 561. A Spanish schooner, among the number, had not yet received her cargo.—*Plain Dealer.*

It is a great disgrace to religion to imagine that it is an enemy to mirth and cheerfulness, and a severe exactor of pensive looks and solemn faces.—*Dr. Scott.*

The true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them.—*Spectator.*

A good man is influenced by God himself, and has a kind of divinity within him.—*Seneca.*

Virtue needs no outward pomp; her very countenance is so full of majesty that the proudest pay her respect and the profanest are awed by her presence.

Omission of good is a commission of evil.

Receipts.

N. R. Proctor, Twinsburgh,		$1.00-228
Hez. Young,	"	1.00
C. Holcomb,	"	1.00-208
Geo. P. Waters, New Lyme,		1.00-219
Elijah Brown,	"	2.00-228
Dr. McCoy, Leesville,		3.00-169
Ed. Wall, Cleveland,		2.50-156
H. M. Lockhart, Granger,		3.50-164
E. Poor, Richfield,		1.81-164
Wm. Mendenhall, Penn,		1.00-208
E. Lewis,	"	1.00-208
Q. B. Votaw,	"	1.00-208
Ed. Smith,	"	1.00-214
A. Register,	"	1.00-214
Rebecca Garretson, Westville,		1,25-233
Jno. Voglesong, Columbiana,		1,25-208
Silas Harris, Mt. Union,		1,25-208
A. Stanley, Milton,		1,00-174
B. Field, West Milton,		4,00-165

☞ Please take notice, that in the acknowledgement of subscription money for the Bugle, not only is the amount received placed opposite the subscribers name, but also the number of the paper to which he has paid, and which will be found in the *outside column* of figures.

No subscriber need expect that a reduction from the price of $150 will be made, unless the money is forwarded at the time specified in the published terms.

Anti-Slavery Meetings.

J. W. WALKER & H. W. CURTIS, Agents of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, will hold Anti-Slavery Meetings as follows:

On Monday & Tuesday, the 23rd and 24th of Oct., at Paden Aram, Ashtabula co.

On Wednesday & Thursday, the 25th and 26th, at the Rockwell School House in Richmond.

On Friday & Saturday, the 27th and 28th, at the Centre of Pierpont.

On Sunday & Monday, the 29th and 30th of October, at the South School House, on the Centre Road in Monroe.

On Tuesday the 31st of Oct., and Wednesday the 1st of Nov., at Monroe village.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 2nd, 3rd & 4th, at Spring Corners, in Monroe.

Millsford, Ash. co., on Friday, Nov. 10th.

Latimer's School House, New Lyme, on Saturday eve. the 11th.

Brown's Corner's, New Lyme, on Sunday the 12th.

Conneaut,		13th, 14th & 15th
Springfied, Erie co. Pa.		16th & 17th
Lockport,	"	18th & 19th
Francis' Neighborhood,	"	20th & 21st
Wellsburgh,	"	22nd & 23rd
Spring Corners, Crawford co.		25th & 26th
Conneautville,	"	27th & 28th
Steemburgh,	"	29th & 30th
Conneaut Centre,	" Dec.	1st & 2nd
Fish's School House,	"	3rd & 4th
Linesville,	"	5th & 6th

Some of the above meetings will be in places where there are no persons with whom we are acquainted. Will the friends in Lockport, also friend Selim Fish and Isaac Brooks take the trouble to notify the meetings to be held in their respective vicinities?

All the above meetings to commence on the first day at candle-light. The meetings at Spring Corners, and those held previously, will commence at 10 A. M. on the 2nd day—the remainder at 2 P. M.

Will the Conneautville Courier please copy the notices of the above meetings to be held in Pennsylvania?

Meeting of the Cherry Valley & Andover A. S. Society.

This Society will hold a meeting at the Congregational Meeting House on the State Road in Andover, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 20th, 21st and 22nd inst.

Henry C. Wright, Joseph Mason, son of Ex-Gov. Mason, of Va., Rev. Mr. Hoisington of Farmington, and Dr. J. Smith of Mecca, have been invited, and are expected to be present. A general invitation is also given to *all* who desire the overthrow of slavery by the right means, to attend. It will be a meeting for free interchange of views, consultation and council. Though called by the above Society, it is designed for the purpose of *reasoning together* on whatever view honest friends of the slave may entertain, whether they harmonize with the doctrines of this Society or not. Hence the general invitation. May we not expect a large and profitable meeting?

By order of the Executive Committee.

H. W. CURTIS,
Cor. Sec.

COVERLET AND INGRAIN CARPET WEAVING.

The subscriber, thankful for past favours conferred the last season, takes this method to inform the public that he still continues in the well-known stand formerly carried on by James McLeran, in the Coverlet and Carpet business.

Directions.—For double coverlets spin the woollen yarn at least 12 cuts to the pound, double and twist 32 cuts, coloring 8 of it red, and 24 blue; or in the same proportions of any other two colors; double and twist of No. 5 cotton, 30 cuts for chain. He has two machines to weave the half-double coverlets. For No. 1, prepare the yarn as follows: double and twist of No. 7 cotton yarn 18 cuts, and 9 cuts of single yarn colored light blue for chain, with 18 cuts of double and twisted woollen, and 18 cuts of No. 9 for filling. For No. 2, prepare of No. 5 cotton yarn, 16 cuts double and twisted, and 8 cuts single, colored light blue, for the chain—17 cuts of double and twisted woollen, and one pound single white cotton for filling.—For those two machines spin the woollen yarn nine or ten cuts to the pound.

Plain and figured table linen, &c. woven.

ROBERT HINSHILLWOOD,
Green street, Salem.

June 16th, 1848. 6m—148

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Peltons splendid outline Maps, Baldwin's pronouncing Geographical Gazeteer, and "Naylor's system of teaching Geography," for sale by J. Hambleton of this place. He is also prepared to give instruction to classes, or to individuals who wish to qualify themselves for teaching the science of Geography according to this new, superior, and (where tried) universally approved system. Address by letter or otherwise, Salem, Col., Co., O. Oct. 6th, 1848.

C. DONALDSON & CO.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS

Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE and CUTLERY.

No. 18, Main street, Cincinnati.

January, 1848.

POETRY.

For the Bugle.

The Glory of War.

The maiden sat within her bower,
  The green leaves waved above her head;
Around her many a vernal flower
  Its perfume on the breezes shed.

Oh, she was beautiful and fair
  As the creation of a dream!
How brightly wav'd her golden hair;
  How gently did her blue eye beam.

Her cheek was summer sunset's glow,
  Her lips the freshly opening rose,
While her fair neck and polished brow
  Were pure as Winter's unstained snows.

She sang—the bird that from the plain
  Mounts up to greet the rising day,
Hath never trilled a sweeter strain—
  O listen to her blithesome lay:

"My lover is a warrior brave;
  To win green laurels he hath gone,
Above him starry banners wave,
  And thrilling music cheers him on.

"When Spring again with light and bloom
  Shall deck the hill and mountain side,
Then shall my gallant chieftain come
  To claim me as his promised bride."

Thus sang she, while no gloomy fear
  Of coming sorrow filled her soul,
The sky above bent blue and clear,
  She heard no warning thunder roll.

And thus she dreamed her life should be,
  Calm and serene, and full of light:
Ah! fond young heart, how dark to thee
  Shall come the wild and stormy night!

* * * * *

Where rolled the awful storm of strife
  O'er the red field of Monterey,
While poured the crimson stream of life
  Fast from his side, a soldier lay.

He saw no banners waving high,
  He heard no trumpets cheering tone,
He saw the dead around him lie,
  He heard the dying faintly moan.

Far from his mother's fond embrace,
  Far from his loved and promised bride;
Upward he turned his pallid face,
  And murmering 'Heaven forgive me,' died.

Above him in that awful hour
  Curled the dread cannon's smoke and flame
O, maiden, in thy far off bower—
  This was thy lover's wreath of fame!

C. L. M.

Song of the Spirit of Poverty.

BY ELIZA COOK.

A song, a song, for the Beldame Queen,
  A Queen that the world knows well,
Whose portal of state is the workhouse gate,
  And throne the prison cell.

I have been crowned in every land
  With nightshade steeped in tears,
I've a dog-knawn bone for my sceptre wand,
  Which the proudest mortal fears.

No gem I wear in my tangled hair,
  No golden vest I own,
No radiant glow tints cheek or brow—
  Yet say, who dares my frown?

Oh, I am Queen of a ghastly court,
  And tyrant sway I hold,
Eating human hearts for my royal sport
  With the bloodhounds of Hunger and Cold.

My power can change the purest clay
  From its first and beautiful mould,
Till it hideth away from the face of day,
  Too hideous to behold.

Oh, I am Queen of a ghastly court!
  And the handmaids that I keep
Are such phantom things as never brings
  To haunt the fitful sleep.

See, see, they come in my haggard train,
  With jagged and matted locks
Hanging round them as rough as the wild steed's mane,
  Or the black weed on the rocks.

They come with broad and horny palms,
  They come in maniac guise,
With angled chins and yellow skins,
  And hollow starting eyes.

They come to be girded with leather and link,
  And away at my bidding they go.
To toil where the soulless beast would shrink,
  In the deep damp caverns below.

Daughters of beauty, they, like ye,
  Are of gentle womankind,
And wonder not if little there be
  Of angel form and mind.

If I'd hold your cheeks by as close a pinch,
  Would that flourishing rose be found?
If I'd doled you a crust out, inch by inch,
  Would your arms have been so round?

Oh, I am Queen, with a despot rule,
  That crushes to the dust!
The laws I deal bear no appeal,
  Though ruthless and unjust.

I deaden the bosom and darken the brain
  With the might of the demon's skill;
The heart may struggle, but struggle in vain,
  As I grapple it harder still.

Oh, come with me, and ye shall see
  How well I begin the day.
For I'll hie to the hungriest slave I have,
  And snatch his loaf away!

Oh, come with me, and ye shall see
  How my skeleton victims fall;
How I order the graves without a stone,
  And the coffins without a pall.

Then a song, a song for the Beldame Queen;
  A Queen that ye fear right well;
For my portal of state is the workhouse gate,
  And my throne the prison-cell!

The Cry of the Artisan.

Up and down—up and down!
I have wandered through the town;
Through the street, the field, the lane,
I have sought for work in vain—
I have sought from morning's light
Till the stars shone forth at night,
Sad returning I have said,
'Would to God that I were dead!'

Give me toil—give me toil!
To weave the wool or till the soil;
Give me leave to earn my bread,
I care not how I ply spade or thread,
Give me work, 'tis all I ask;
No matter what may be my task!
No matter what the labor set,
I have health and strength as yet.

To and fro—to and fro—
Still with weary limbs I go,
One by one my hopes depart,
Not a joy lives in my heart,
While I struggle through each day,
There's no star to cheer my way;
While I wrestle with my chain,
Madness hovers round my brain.

God! can it be that mortal man
Shall mar Thy great and mighty plan?
Thou hast sent, with bounteous hand,
Enough for *all* throughout the land;
Thou hast filled the earth with food,
Then pronounced Thy work was 'good.'
Thou who reign'st supreme on high,
All unheeded shall we cry?

No; a sound is on the breeze,
And the words I hear are these:
'Give us labor—give us bread!'
And the fearful cry has sped
Over far-off lands away,
Lighting up a brighter day;
For a nation's voice hath said,
'Who bears the yoke shall have the bread!'

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Chambers' Miscellany.

Story of Jacquard.

I.

On a day of autumn, in the year 1795, in an upper apartment of a wretched house situated in one of the back streets of Lyons, through the windows of which the sun cast a feeble and doubtful light, owing to the numberless patches of paper which supplied the place of glass, four persons were engaged weaving the gold and silver tissue for which that town is so celebrated. Though the movement of the machine itself was brisk, yet a painful silence reigned in the small apartment, no sound being heard but that of the shuttle and cords as they were put in motion. In front of the loom, seated on a high bench, was a man of about forty years of age, working his feet to the right and left, as a means of action to the treadles or footboards of the cumbersome and ill-constructed machine. Near him sat a young woman, pale and emaciated, preparing the reeds on which the silk was rolled previous to being placed in the loom; whilst two young girls, in forced and painful attitudes, put the cords in motion.

At the time of which we speak, fearful were the sufferings of those who worked at this employment. Though badly remunerated, necessity obliged a continued and wearying application. It was painful to see the contrast of the rich stuffs, thus side by side, with the wretched clothing of the pale and miserable beings, whose knowledge of the gold, silver, and silks, alas! only consisted in the additional labor which the varied and elegant patterns entailed! Loud were the complaints of the *canuts*, or weavers, as to the smallness of their wages, and frequently had they committed outrages on this much contested point. They alleged that the manufacturers could afford to give larger payments for work, without recognizing the fact, that wages depend on the demand and supply of laborers; and therefore, that if wages are low, the only way to heighten them is by a reduction of the number of hands. Yet to be substantially beneficial, this would require to be done in all countries; for manufacturers, pressed on by competition, would naturally emigrate with their capital to places where wages were on the lowest scale. These principles, unhappily, were not understood by the silk weavers of Lyons, among whom the person now introduced was a fair sample, both as respects toiling industry and an ignorance of the true causes of his excessive toils.

'Antoinette, do you know where Joseph has gone to?' at length asked the man, Jacquard by name, in a voice which spoke of fatigue.

'He went to the shopkeeper for some silk,' replied his wife.

'It is a long time since he went out.'

'Hardly two hours; still he is invariably obliged to wait. But, Marie, you appear to be in pain,' added she, addressing one of the young girls before alluded to.

'It is nothing, mother,' replied the girl; 'it will soon be time for sleep, when we can forget all our fatigue.'

'Yes, to recommence again to-morrow,' said the man.

'What would you wish, Charles?' asked his wife, with a look in which affection and resignation were mingled. 'Is not this season better than the last, when I have often seen you draw the belt tighter around your body, the more easily to support the pangs of hunger which exhausted your strength!—Though the work at present is hard, yet we have, thank God, enough to eat. Cheer up, my children! if the dinner has been meagre, we have at least a good supper of boiled chestnuts and lard, and as much bread as you wish to eat, my little ones.'

A slight expression of anguish, uttered by the youngest and most wretched looking of the girls, attracted the attention of the woman, who, turning towards her, asked if she was ill.

'No, aunt,' slowly replied the child, whose languid smile sadly belied her words.

'Would you wish to change with me, cousin?' asked Marie: 'my work seems easier than yours.'

'No; I am very well here,' feebly answered Josephine, her dim and sunken eyes, and her pallid countenance, expressing lassitude more than suffering, but apparently unconscious of the attention of her cousin.

Another interval of silence ensued—a repose for the lips, but not for the body. But Josephine having again unconsciously moaned, the canut ceased his work as he gazed on her.

'Poor little one!' muttered he; then as if to drive away thought, he applied more vigorously to his labor.

'The wife of Jaubert the canut died yesterday. Were you aware of it, wife?' resumed the weaver.

'Heaven protect us! No. Of what did she die?' asked Antoinette.

'Of what did our daughters die last year? Of what did the sister of Jean die last week? What caused the death, five years since, of my sister Marion, the mother of your poor cousin Josephine? Of what do all the canuts die before their time? What but of misery and exhaustion! Look at these children, wife!' continued he in a milder and lower tone, looking toward the young girls, who, fatigued by the unnatural position in which they were obliged to remain while moving the cords, had paid no attention to the conversation.

'Oh dear!' again sighed the feeble voice of little Josephine.

'Ay, wife, it is easy to see that she will soon follow her poor mother,' continued the man in a whisper, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

'Do not speak thus, Charles,' said Antoinette with an involuntary shudder.

'Have you not perceived how cramped and deformed her limbs are? Even rest and quiet at night do not restore their shape.'

'Josephine has always been weak and sickly,' replied Antoinette, as if seeking to delude even herself. 'When this piece is finished, I shall make her rest for some days, and she will be better after it. With Marie it is different; her paleness does not arise from sickness, but from confinement in this close and ill-aired room; a little out-door exercise will reinstate her health and good looks, for she has a naturally good constitution.'

'Yes, as a young mulberry tree decayed at the root,' answered the weaver, without ceasing his employment. 'We shall not be able to preserve her any more than we could her sister and my cousin Marie: she will die, and her brother also, my dear little Joseph, and we shall have no one left to close our eyes, my poor wife!'

'God is good, Charles!' answered Antoinette with resignation, and forcing her pale lips to smile, as if to raise her husband's courage. 'He will not leave us childless.—Do you feel unwell, Marie?' continued she, as her smile faded before the sad countenance of her daugher.

'No, mother; only a little fatigued,' replied the young girl. 'It is Josephine who is ill.'

A slight knock at the door interrupted the conversation.

II.

The family of hard-working weavers was surprised at a visit during working hours from any one, and they were more surprised still, when they opened the door to the visitant, on the present occasion.

The mother and daughter both rose somewhat disconcerted as a tall and handsome young man entered the appartment. He was about twenty-five years of age, and dressed in the height of the then reigning fashion: silk stockings, and shoes with large silver buckles, the buttons of his satin dress being embossed in the centre with a butterfly, and wearing a sword and three-cornered hat.

'Mr. Brechet!' exclaimed Antoinette, as she offered the stranger a chair. 'You have then, come to see us?'

'As you see, Madame Jacquard; but do not let me disturb you, or I shall be off again. How is your health, Pere Jacquard?'

'Hum! Workmen have no time to think of it, Mr. Brechet; but I thank you notwithstanding, for your enquiries.'

'I have been taking some pieces of satin to M. Guinar, and on my return, finding myself in your street, I did not wish to pass your door without seeing how you all were; so, stepping from my gig, here I am, Pere Jacquard.'

'It is a poor place for such as you to come to,' said the weaver.

'That is little thought of when friends are to be seen. But how is Mademoiselle Marie?' added he, turning towards the young girl.

Marie, blushing, did not raise her head from her employment.

'As you see, Mr. Brechet,' hastily answered the mother.

'And the little Josephine?'

'Just as usual,' replied Antoinette.

'Where is my little friend, Joseph? I do not see him.'

'He is out at present, Monsieur, but will soon return.'

'Mr. Brechet,' said Jacquard abruptly 'you are come, I suppose, to demand the three crowns I owe you?'

'What an opinion you must have of me! For shame! On the contrary, if you want two or three more, you have but to ask for them.'

'I feel myself too much indebted to you, already, sir.'

'Do not think about it, Pere Jacquard.'

'But I do think about it, M. Brechet; it is my duty to think about it.'

'What folly! Besides there are other means by which you may not only liquidate what you already owe, but gain much more.'

'It is perhaps, by becoming a satin weaver, M. Brechet? But I am only a silk weaver, and I dare say shall die one.'

'I do not allude to that,' replied the young man, who, while speaking, directed his look towards Marie.

'Then I cannot divine what you mean.'

The satinaire for a moment hesitated then added in a firm voice, 'you have a daughter, Pere Jacquard.'

'And a good girl she is, M. Brechet; one of whom a father may be proud.'

'Well, I have two workshops—one for satin, the other for velvet. I am equally well known either as M. Brechet the veloutier, or M. Brechet the satinaire——'

'I cannot quite understand you,' interrupted Jacquard.

'Allow M. Brechet to speak, Charles,' said Antoinette mildly to her husband.

'This, then, is what I would say. I have already told you that I have two workshops, in each of which there are twenty workmen. Well, there is still something wanted in these two workshops, Pere Jacquard.'

'There are always workmen to be found, M. Brechet.'

'But it is not workmen I want; it is a female I speak of.'

'Ah! she must I suppose, be clever!'

'No, Pere Jacquard; I seek a companion, in fact, a wife.'

'I understand you now, M. Brechet.'

'And if you consent.'

'To what M. Brechet!'

'Say that you consent, Pere Jacquard—say that you consent; and you also, Madame Jacquard.'

'Is it that you should marry our daughter, M. Brechet?' Asked Antoinette, whose expressive smile told that since his arrival she had divined the cause of his visit.

'If Mademoiselle Marie has no objection,' said the satinaire.

'But,' said Jacquard, 'recollect that our daughter is poor, M. Brechet.'

'She is mild and uncomplaining.'

'She is not even pretty!'

'She pleases me, Pere Jacquard; and if I possess her good opinion——'

'There is no doubt of that, M. Brechet,' said the weaver briskly. 'She must indeed be hard to please if she does not like you, but I do not wish to give a promise.'

'And wherefore not?'

'Because you are rich, and we are poor; because you are a satinaire, a velourtier, in fact, a gentlemen wearing a sword, and we are nothing more than poor canuts: while you ride in your carriage, we walk on foot; you can order your clerk to carry your pieces of velvet or satin, while we are obliged to take our work to the shop, and wait the pleasure of those who employ us; and for a thousand other reasons, M. Brechet.'

'Every one worse than the other, Pere Jacquard: however, I do not wish to take you by surprise. Reflect on what I have said, and all I ask at present is, to be allowed to repeat my visit.'

'I am not proud, M. Brechet; we shall always be happy to see you; but I promise nothing—remember, I promise nothing.'

'Well, I am contented; to-morrow, then Pere Jacquard,' said the satiniare, as he rose and took leave, accompanied to the street door by Antoinette.

III.

The visit of M. Brechet, with its very remarkable revelation, roused many varied emotions in the minds of the poor family. After the departure of the handsome and fair-spoken suitor the limbs of the weaver moved quicker than was their wont, while he slowly hummed a plaintive and monotonous ballad.

'A sure sign that father is out of humor,' whispered Marie to her cousin.

'Yes,' replied Josephine in the same tone.

'Do you suffer more than ordinary to-day, that your voice is so feeble?' asked Marie.

'Yes!' again whispered the young girl.

'I also am ill, Josephine; but is not M. Brechet an engaging young man? Is he not, Josephine?'

'Yes!' was still the only response.

'Listen, Josephine. Father will not always be so proud and distant to M. Brechet. He will not refuse him when mother speaks on the subject. It is true that women do not understand these things as well as men; but he will consent at last, and then I shall take you with me, and then you will not have to work any longer. Does not that give you pleasure? But you do not reply cousin?'

The poor child again muttered 'Yes!' but without taking any seeming interest in what was told her.

'Then my father,' continued Marie, 'shall not be killing himself with overwork, and in the slack season he shall not suffer from hunger; and then mother shall not any longer destroy her health by fretting, nor blind herself making canettes: she will be able to recruit herself from time to time. And my brother, my little Joseph, shall not be a canut—he shall be a satinaire or velourtier, whichever he pleases; but for you, my little Josephine, I see that you must be a lady, and if my husband does not wish to support an idle girl, why I shall work for you myself. But why do you weep, Josephine; you are not well? Why do you not answer me?'

'I am very weak.'

'Your work is too hard for you.'

'I shall get used to it.'

'What are you both singing in such a low tone?' asked the weaver, interrupting his ballad to listen to the children.

'We are not singing, father; in my opinion it is yourself,' replied Marie with an affectation of gaiety.

'Yes I sing to drive away care, Marie; but you never sing now as you were wont to do.'

'Ah, father, I have no voice now, and I cannot tell why.'

'I know well!' muttered the canut, as he brushed away a tear which mingled with the perspiration that rolled down his face. 'I see,' continued he half aloud, 'that it will not do to be too proud; but what a pang it would cost me to have a son-in-law who might perhaps look with scorn on me when he has once got my daughter but——' and he continued his ballad.

'Here is my brother!' exclaimed Marie, as a flush of pleasure passed over her pale countenance.

The weaver raised his head as the steps were heard on the stairs. Josephine alone stirred not.

There soon entered a tall, delicate lad of thirteen years of age. It was Joseph, the son of Jacquard. Like the generality of the children of the canuts, he had a subdued and sad expression of countenance, which, when at rest, spoke of nothing remarkable, yet when his pale features were lit up by excitement or some sudden emotion, it changed his entire appearance. The truth is, Joseph was no ordinary boy. God had given him good natural faculties, which he had exerted himself to cultivate by reflection. Joseph was always thinking on some useful subject or other; but, silent and modest, his own family did not know the extent of his capacity. And is this not always the case with genius? The world, with its eyes turned to the clouds, does not see the great men in embryo who are lying at its feet.

'Where have you remained such a length of time?' asked the weaver of his son.

'First of all, here is the silk,' replied Joseph, handing a bundle to his mother; 'and now to tell you what detained me, father.—In returning from the shop of M. Guillaume, I met Toussaint, the son of Francois the canut; perceiving that he had been crying, I inquired the reason. 'My mother,' replied he, 'has broken the loom; father is from home, and I have been with Mattel the joiner to try and get him to repair it, but he is so busy that he cannot come: the piece must remain unfinished; and when my father returns to-night, he will be very angry about it. Oh dear! what shall I do?' Then, father finding, from what he told me, that the loom was not much injured, I went home with him, and succeeded in mending it, so that his mother is now at work again.'

'You? all alone?' asked the weaver, surprised.

'It did not require to be very clever, father, to do so. What a pity that the looms are so badly constructed!'

'You think so?' said his father ironically. 'I should like to know what you see so bad about our looms?'

'Every portion of them, father,' replied the boy with animation. 'Must it not be ill-constructed when it requires so much exertion to put it in motion? Is it not a machine which actually kills the workmen? Do I not see yourself covered with perspiration? Look at Marie, who has lost her rosy and healthful appearance; observe Josephine——' The little canut ceased speaking; he could not find words to express his feelings at the decay of the poor little flower. 'It is a horrible machine!' added he a moment after.

'You had better invent another!' said his father roughly.

'And wherefore not?' asked Joseph; 'that would indeed be a happy idea.'

'Go, foolish boy!' said Charles, shrugging his shoulders; 'instead of criticising and finding fault with what has been the means of livelihood to your father and all his family, you had better throw aside your hat and coat, and come to work.'

'If you have no objection,' replied the boy, 'I shall take Josephine's place for a while, father, as she seems unable to work. See, mother, her hands can scarcely ply the cords. Come, Josephine, what is the matter with you?' added he, as the poor child ran towards him, and was caught in his arms.

'Nothing!' replied the young girl in a feeble voice, endeavoring at the same time to return to her employment; but, as if the exertion had been too much for her, she leaned on the shoulder of the little canut.

'Josephine! How pale she is!' exclaimed Marie, rising from her seat, and running towards her cousin. 'Josephine, why do you not tell us when you are suffering?'

'Do not weep thus, Marie,' said her mother, as she held some vinegar to the nostrils of Josephine: 'this will be nothing—nothing, I hope.' But the terror depicted in her countenance evinced that she had not that hope which she wished to inspire in others.

'Nothing!' repeated Marie, weeping and pressing her cousin's hands in hers. 'Nothing! see how pale she has become, and her hands are damp and cold as ice. Josephine! Oh, mother, she is surely dying!'

'Charles, run and see the doctor,' said Antoinette to her husband, who, overcome by emotion, had remained a silent spectator. 'Go quickly, I entreat you. My God, take pity on us!' ejaculated the poor woman in an agony of grief.

Charles immediately left the room without replying.

'Josephine, speak to me!' exclaimed Marie; 'for pity's sake, speak to me!'

Josephine answered not, but remained motionless, supported in the arms of young Jacquard, who gazed on her in sad and silent grief. Her eyes were closed, and a slight breathing alone told that she existed. Not a word was spoken by any of the unhappy family as the step of the weaver was heard on the staircase; sobs alone betrayed their sorrow; and as they looked on the deathlike features of the young girl, each seemed to read in her countenance a fate which awaited themselves. The respiration of Josephine, which had become every moment less perceptible, ceased altogether as the doctor entered the room.

'Is there, then, no hope?' asked Charles, as the doctor, after examining the dying girl's pulse, sadly shook his head in confirmation of their fears.

'You have sent for me too late, my friend,' replied the physician, letting fall the arm of Josephine.

As he left the apartment, how difficult did the members of this sad family find it to bring the reality of his words home to their minds! And yet the truth was there, terrible and striking—the poor little creature was no more!

A burst of sobbing succeeded; and then, as if imperious necessity had imposed a law to grief, the eyes of each were dried; and silently, and with one accord, removing the body of the dead child into a corner of the room, and covering it with a wretched counterpane, the family resumed their employment.

Joseph, as if it had been a matter of course, seated himself in the place which had been occupied but a few minutes previously by his cousin, crouching himself up in the same painful and forced attitude that had caused her death.

'Marie!' said Jacquard abruptly; and then, as if the sad event which had occurred had silenced all his objections, added, 'I shall no longer oppose your marriage with M. Brechet.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Thief who Detected Himself.

"Be sure your sins will find you out," is a maxim true as facts can make it. We give a remarkable instance of it, which came to us well authenticated.

Somewhere in Maine, the precise whereabouts we cannot tell, lives a merchant, whose store is situated near a wharf on the banks of a river. It happened some years since, that he had a large stock of pork ready barrelled in his cellar.

Going into his cellar one morning, he discovered the door leading to the wharf to be open, and the key to be in the lock. Suspecting something wrong, he examined the articles in the cellar, and found that one barrel of pork was missing.

Not knowing on whom to fix the charge, he concluded to say nothing about it, but to wait the development of time.

Several months passed, and he gained no clue to the thief; when one morning a man, who lived a few miles down the river, came into his store. The merchant remarked some considerable uneasiness of manner in him, but knowing him to be a man of property and reputed morality, he though it would be occasioned by nothing but some petty trouble that afflicted him.

The man lingered round for several hours, as if he wanted something; and at length, when there were no persons left but the merchant and himself, he said, "Mr.———, did you ever find out who stole that barrel of pork you lost a few months since?"

"Yes sir; you did," was the prompt reply of the merchant.

"Me, sir! How do you know that?" replied the man, covered with confusion.

"Why, sir, no one but you and I know anything of the matter. I have never mentioned it, and had you not stolen it, you could have known nothing about it.

Confounded, the thief made no reply.—The merchant stepped up to his desk, drew out an old account of some fifty dollars, and adding to it the price of the pork, he told him to pay that bill, or he would expose him. The bill was paid, and the guilty man went home full of shame and chagrin. We close as we began, by saying to the reader, as the best moral to our story, "Be sure your sins will find you out."—*Youths' Companion.*

Keep Calm.

There are a set of clever gentlemen who sit down in their studies, loll in their easy chairs, bury their slippered toes in their Wilton carpets, sniff the perfume of odoriferous pastilles, and write poems for poor folks, in which they inculcate contentment at four dollars a week, and happiness on dry bread. One of these chaps has recently sent forth a series of jingling lines, commencing as follows:

Is a lion in the way?
  Keep calm:
Tell him you respect his pride,
  But that you may go ahead,
He must please to stand aside.
  Keep calm.

Does he rouse and show his teeth?
  Keep calm:
Tell him you enjoy the laugh;
  Give a single lightning glance,
And he'll dwindle to a calf,
  Keep calm.

All this nonsense is very pretty in print—very. But if this amateur Daresnach were to meet the lion of Want—if he were condemned to keep body and soul together, binding shoes at an average rate of $1.50 per week, or making coarse shirts at a shilling a piece, it is very probable that in such a contingency, it would be the poet who would dwindle to the calf, and not the lion of Want. "Keep calm!" quoth he. Certainly. Starvation is calm. So is the grave. So is the sexton, as he comes along with the pickaxe and shovel, "and his great-coat on."—Calm! Yes—*sir!*—*John Donkey.*

BUSINESS CARDS.

JAMES BARNABY,
PLAIN & FASHIONABLE
TAILOR.
Cutting done to order, and all work warranted.
Corner of Main & Chestnut streets, Salem, Ohio.

BENJAMIN BOWN,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCER,
TEA-DEALER, FRUITERER,
AND DEALER IN
Pittsburgh Manufactured Articles.
No. 141, Liberty Street,
PITTSBURGH.

DAVID WOODRUFF,
MANUFACTURER OF
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES, &c
A general assortment of carriages constantly on hand, made of the best materials and in the neatest style. All work warranted.
Shop on Main street, Salem, O.

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,
BOOTS and SHOES, (Eastern and Western,) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at
TRESCOTTS.
Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

FRUIT TREES.
The proprietor has on hand a handsome lot of FRUIT TREES, comprising Apple, Pear, Peach, Plumb, and Cherry trees, and some Grape Vines and Ornamental Trees—all of which he will sell on reasonable terms at his residence in Goshen, Mahoning Co., 4½ miles north-west of Salem.
ZACHARIAH JENKINS, Jr.
August 11, 1848. tf

Agents for the "Bugle."

OHIO.

New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and I Johnson.
Columbiana; Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes.
Marlboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield; John Wetmore.
Lowellville; John Bissell.
Youngstown; J. S. Johnson, and Wm J. Bright.
New Lyme; Marsena Miller.
Selma; Thomas Swayne.
Springboro; Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg; V. Nicholson.
Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson.
Columbus; W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown; Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn.
Farmington; Willard Curtis.
Bath; J. B. Lambert.
Newton Falls; Dr. Homer Earle.
Ravenna; Joseph Carroll.
Hannah T. Thomas; Wilkesville.
Southington; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnaby.
Malta; Wm. Cope.
Richfield; Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Poor
Lodi; Dr. Sill.
Chester & Roads; H. W. Curtis.
Painesville; F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Hartford; G. W. Bushnell.
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.
Achor Town; A. G. Richardsen.

INDIANA.

Winchester; Clarkson Pucket.
Economy; Ira C. Maulsby.
Penn; John L. Michner.

PENNSYLVANIA

Pittsburgh H. Vashon.